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EVENINGS AT HOME;

OR,

THE JUVENILE BUDGET

OPENED.

CONSISTING OF

A VARIETY OF MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

FOR

THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF

YOUNG PERSONS.

VOL. II.

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SIXTH EVENING.

THE TRANSMIGRATIONS OF INDUR.

At the time when Fairies and Genii poſſeſſed the powers which they have now loſt, there lived in the country of the Brachmans a man named *Indur*, who was diſtinguiſhed, not only for that gentleneſs of diſpoſition and humanity towards all living creatures, which are ſo much cultivated among thoſe people, but for an inſatiable curioſity reſpecting the nature and way of life of all animals. In purſuit of knowledge of this kind he would frequently ſpend the night among lonely rocks, or in the midſt of thick foreſts; and there, under ſhelter of a hanging cliff, or mounted upon a high tree, he would watch the motions and actions of all the animals that ſeek their prey in the night; and, remaining in the ſame ſpot

till break of day, he would obſerve this tribe of creatures retiring to their dens, and all others coming forth to enjoy the beams of the riſing ſun. On theſe occaſions, if he ſaw any opportunity of exerciſing his benevolence towards animals in diſtreſs, he never failed to make uſe of it; and many times reſcued the ſmall birds from the pityleſs hawk, and the lamb or kid from the gripe of the wolf and lynx. One day, as he was ſitting on a tree in the foreſt, a little frolicſome monkey, in taking a great leap from one bough to another, chanced to miſs his hold, and fell from a great height to the ground. As he lay there unable to move, *Indur* eſpied a large venomous ſerpent advancing to make the poor defenceleſs creature his prey. He immediately deſcended from his poſt, and taking the little monkey in his arms, ran with it to the tree, and gently placed it upon a bough. In the mean time, the enraged ſerpent purſuing him, overtook him before he could mount the tree, and bit him in the leg.

Presently, the limb began to swell, and the effects of the venom became visible over *Indur*'s whole frame. He grew faint, sick, and pale; and sinking on the ground, was sensible that his last moments were fast approaching. As thus he lay, he was surprised to hear a human voice from the tree; and looking up, he beheld, on the bough where he had placed the monkey, a beautiful woman, who thus addressed him:—"*Indur*, I am truly grieved, that thy kindness to me should have been the cause of thy destruction. Know, that in the form of the poor monkey, it was the potent fairy *Perezinda* to whom thou gavest succour. Obliged to pass a certain number of days every year under the shape of an animal, I had chosen this form; and though not mortal, I should have suffered extreme agonies from the bite of the serpent, hadst thou not so humanely assisted me. It is not in my power to prevent the fatal effect of the poison; but I am able to grant thee any wish thou shalt form respecting the future state of

exiſtence to which thou art now haſtening. Speak, then, before it be too late, and let me ſhow my gratitude."—"Great Perezinda!" replied *Indur*, "ſince you deſign ſo bounteouſly to return my ſervice, this is the requeſt that I make: In all my tranſmigrations may I retain a rational ſoul, with the memory of the adventures I have gone through; and when death ſets me free from one body, may I inſtantly animate another in the prime of its powers and faculties, without paſſing through the helpleſs ſtate of infancy."—"It is granted," anſwered the Fairy; and immediately breaking a ſmall branch from the tree, and breathing on it, ſhe threw it down to *Indur*, and bid him hold it faſt in his hand. He did ſo, and preſently expired.

Inſtantly he found himſelf in a green valley by the ſide of a clear ſtream, grazing amid a herd of *Antelopes*. He admired his elegant ſhape, ſleek ſpotted ſkin, and poliſhed ſpiral horns; and drank with delight of the cool rivulet, cropt the juicy

herb, and ſported with his companions. Soon, an alarm was given of the approach of an enemy; and they all ſet off with the ſwiftneſs of the wind to the neighbouring immenſe plains; where they were ſoon out of the reach of injury. *Indur* was highly delighted with the eaſe and rapidity of his motions; and ſnuffing the keen air of the deſart, bounded away, ſcarcely deigning to touch the ground with his feet. This way of life went on very pleaſantly for ſome time, till at length the herd was one morning alarmed with noiſes of trumpets, drums, and loud ſhouts, on every ſide. They ſtarted, and ran firſt to the right, then to the left, but were continually driven back by the ſurrounding crowd, which now appeared to be a whole army of hunters, with the king of the country and all his nobles, aſſembled on a ſolemn chaſe, after the manner of the eaſtern people. And now the circle began to cloſe, and numbers of affrighted animals of various kinds thronged together in the centre, keeping as far as

poſſible from the dangers that approached them from all quarters. The huntſmen were now come near enough to reach their game with their arrows; and the prince and his lords ſhot at them as they paſſed and repaſſed, killing and wounding great numbers. *Indur* and his ſurviving companions, ſeeing no other means of eſcape, reſolved to make a bold puſh towards that part of the ring which was the moſt weakly guarded; and though many periſhed in the attempt, yet a few, leaping over the heads of the people, got clear away; and *Indur* was among the number. But whilſt he was ſcouring over the plain, rejoicing in his good fortune and conduct, an enemy ſwifter than himſelf overtook him. This was a falcon, who, let looſe by one of the huntſmen, daſhed like lightning after the fugitives; and alighting upon the head of *Indur*, began to tear his eyes with his beak, and flap his wings over his face. *Indur*, terrified and blinded, knew not which way he went; and inſtead of pro-

ceeding ſtrait forwards, turned round and came again towards the hunters. One of theſe, riding full ſpeed with a javelin in his hand, came up to him, and ran the weapon into his ſide. He fell down, and with repeated wounds was ſoon diſpatched.

When the ſtruggle of death was over, *Indur* was equally ſurpriſed and pleaſed on finding himſelf ſoaring high in the air, as one of a flight of *Wild-Geeſe*, in their annual migration to breed in the arctic regions. With vaſt delight he ſprung forward on eaſy wing through the immenſe fields of air, and ſurveyed beneath him extenſive tracts of earth, perpetually varying with plains, mountains, rivers, lakes, and woods. At the approach of night, the flock lighted on the ground, and fed on the green corn or graſs; and at day-break they were again on wing, arranged in a regular wedge-like body, with an experienced leader at their head. Thus for many days they continued their journey, paſſing over countries inhabited

by various nations, till at length they arrived in the remoteſt part of Lapland, and ſettled in a wide marſhy lake, filled with numerous reedy iſlands, and ſurrounded on all ſides with dark foreſts of pine and birch. Here, in perfect ſecurity from man and hurtful animals, they followed the great buſineſs of breeding and providing for their young, living plentifully upon the inſects and aquatic reptiles that abounded in this ſheltered ſpot. *Indur* with great pleaſure exerciſed his various powers, of ſwimming, diving, and flying; ſailing round the iſlands, penetrating into every creek and bay, and viſiting the deepeſt receſſes of the woods. He ſurveyed with aſtoniſhment the ſun, inſtead of riſing and ſetting, making a complete circle in the heavens, and cheering the earth with a perpetual day. Here he met with innumerable tribes of kindred birds, varying in ſize, plumage, and voice, but all paſſing their time in a ſimilar manner, and furniſhed with the ſame powers for providing food and a ſafe retreat for

themſelves and their young. The whole lake was covered with parties fiſhing or ſporting, and reſounded with their loud cries; while the iſlands were filled with their neſts, and new broods of young were continually coming forth and launching upon the ſurface of the waters. One day, *Indur*'s curioſity having led him at a diſtance from his companions to the woody border of the lake, he was near paying dear for his heedleſſneſs; for a fox, that lay in wait among the buſhes, ſprung upon him, and it was with the utmoſt difficulty that by a ſtrong exertion he broke from his hold, not without the loſs of ſome feathers.

Summer now drawing to an end, the vaſt congregation of water fowl began to break up; and large bodies of them daily took their way ſouthwards, to paſs the winter in climates where the waters are never ſo frozen as to become uninhabitable by the feathered race. The wild-geeſe to whom *Indur* belonged, proceeded with their young ones by long daily jour-

nies acroſs Sweden, the Baltic-ſea, Poland, and Turkey, to Leſſer Aſia, and finiſhed their journey at the celebrated plains on the banks of the Cayſter, a noted reſort for their ſpecies ever ſince the age of Homer, who in ſome very beautiful verſes has deſcribed the manners and actions of the various tribes of aquatic birds in that favourite ſpot.* Here they ſoon recruited from the fatigue of their march, and enjoyed themſelves in the delicious climate till winter. This ſeaſon, though here extremely mild, yet making the means of ſuſtenance ſomewhat ſcarce, they were obliged to make foraging excurſions to the cultivated lands in the neighbourhood. Having committed great depredations upon a fine field of young wheat, the owner ſpread a net

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* Not leſs their number than th' embodied cranes
Or milk-white ſwans on Aſia's watry plains,
That o'er the windings of Cayſter's ſprings
Stretch their long necks, and clap their ruſtling wings,
Now tow'r aloft, and courſe in airy rounds;
Now light with noiſe; with noiſe the field reſounds.

POPE'S Homer.

on the ground, in which *Indur*, with ſeveral of his companions, had the misfortune to be caught. No mercy was ſhown them, but as they were taken out one by one, their necks were all broken.

Indur was not immediately ſenſible of the next change he underwent, which was into a *Dormouſe*, faſt aſleep in his hole at the foot of a buſh. As it was in a country where the winters are pretty ſevere, he did not awake for ſome weeks; when a thaw having taken place, and the ſun beginning to warm the earth, he unrolled himſelf one day, ſtretched, opened his eyes, and not being able to make out where he was, he rouſed a female companion whom he found by his ſide. When ſhe was ſufficiently awakened, and they both began to feel hungry, ſhe led the way to a magazine of nuts and acorns, where they made a comfortable meal, and ſoon fell aſleep again. This nap having laſted a few days, they awaked a ſecond time, and having eaten, they ventured to crawl to the mouth of their hole,

where, pulling away ſome withered graſs and leaves, they peeped out into the open air. After taking a turn or two in the ſun, they grew chill, and went down again, ſtopping up the entrance after them. The cold weather returning, they took another long nap, till at length, ſpring being fairly ſet in, they rouſed in earneſt, and began to make daily excurſions abroad. Their winter ſtock of proviſion being now exhauſted, they were for ſome time reduced to great ſtraits, and obliged to dig for roots and pig-nuts. Their fare was mended as the ſeaſon advanced, and they made a neſt near the bottom of a tree, where they brought up a young family. They never ranged far from home, nor aſcended the higher branches of the tree, and paſſed great part of their time in ſleep, even during the midſt of ſummer. When autumn came, they were buſily employed in collecting the nuts, acorns, and other dry fruits that fell from the trees, and laying them up in their ſtore-houſe under ground. One

day, as *Indur* was closely engaged in this occupation, at some distance from his dwelling, he was seized by a wild cat, who after tormenting him for a time, gave him a gripe, and put him out of his pain.

From one of the smallest and most defenceless of animals, *Indur* found himself instantly changed into a majestic *Elephant* in a lofty forest of the isle of Ceylon. Elated with this wonderful advancement in the scale of creation, he stalked along with conscious dignity, and surveyed with pleasing wonder his own form and that of his companions, together with the rich scenery of the ever-verdant woods, which perfumed the air with their spicy odour, and lifted their tall heads to the clouds. Here, fearing no injury, and not desiring to do any, the gigantic herd roamed at large, feeding on the green branches which they tore down with their trunks, bathing in deep rivers during the heat of the day, and reposing in the depths of the forests, reclined against the massy trunks of trees, by night. It was long before

Indur met with any adventure that could lead him to doubt his ſecurity. But one day, having penetrated into a cloſe entangled thicket, he eſpied, lurking under the thick covert, a grim tyger, whoſe eyes flaſhed rage and fury. Though the tyger was one of the largeſt of his ſpecies, yet his bulk was trifling compared to that of an elephant, a ſingle foot of which ſeemed ſufficient to cruſh him; yet the fierceneſs and cruelty of his looks, his angry growl, and grinning teeth, ſtruck ſome terror into *Indur*. There was little time, however, for reflection; for when *Indur* had advanced a ſingle ſtep, the tyger, ſetting up a roar, ſprung to meet him, attempting to ſeize his lifted trunk. *Indur* was dexterous enough to receive him upon one of his tuſks; and, exerting all his ſtrength, threw the tyger to a great diſtance. He was ſomewhat ſtunned by the fall, but recovering, renewed the aſſault with redoubled fury. *Indur* again, and a third time, threw him off; after which the tyger, turning about, bound-

ed away into the midſt of the thicket. *Indur* drew back, and rejoined his companions, with ſome abatement in the confidence he had placed in his ſize and ſtrength, which had not prevented him from undergoing ſo dangerous an attack.

Soon after, he joined the reſt of the herd in an expedition beyond the bounds of the foreſt, to make depredations on ſome fields of maize. They committed great havock, devouring part, but tearing up and trampling down much more; when the inhabitants, taking the alarm, aſſembled in great numbers, and with fierce ſhouts and flaming brands drove them back to the woods. Not contented with this, they were reſolved to make them pay for the miſchief they had done by taking ſome priſoners. For this purpoſe they encloſed a large ſpace among the trees with ſtrong poſts and ſtakes, bringing it to a narrower and narrower compaſs, and ending at laſt in a paſſage only capable of admitting one elephant at a time. This was divided, by ſtrong

croſs-bars which would lift up and down, into ſeveral apartments. They then ſent out ſome tame female elephants, bred to the buſineſs, who, approaching the herd of wild ones, inveigled the males to follow them towards the incloſures. *Indur* was among the firſt who was decoyed by their artifices; and with ſome others following heedleſſly, he got into the narroweſt part of the incloſure, oppoſite to the paſſage. Here they ſtood a while, doubting whether they ſhould go further. But the females leading the way, and uttering the cry of invitation, they ventured at length to follow. When a ſufficient number was in the paſſage, the bars were let down by men placed for the purpoſe, and the elephants were fairly caught in a trap. As ſoon as they were ſenſible of their ſituation, they fell into a fit of rage, and with all their efforts endeavoured to break through. But the hunters, throwing nooſes over them, bound them faſt with ſtrong ropes and chains to the poſts on each ſide, and thus kept them without

food or sleep for three days; when, being exhausted with hunger and fatigue, they gave signs of sufficient tameness. They were now let out one by one, and bound each of them to two large tame elephants with riders on their backs, and thus without resistance were led away close prisoners. They were then put into separate stables, and by proper discipline were presently rendered quite tame and gentle.

Not long after, *Indur*, with five more, was sent over from Ceylon to the continent of India, and sold to one of the princes of the country. He was now trained to all the services elephants are there employed in; which were, to carry persons on his back in a kind of sedan or litter; to draw cannon, ships, and other great weights; to kneel and rise at command, make obeisance to his lord, and perform all the motions and attitudes he was ordered. Thus he lived a long time, well fed and caressed, clothed in costly trappings on days of ceremony, and contributing to the pomp of eastern royalty.

At length a war broke out, and *Indur* came to be employed in a different ſcene. After proper training, he was marched, with a number of his fellows, into the field, bearing on his back a ſmall wooden tower, in which were placed ſome ſoldiers with a ſmall field-piece. They ſoon came in ſight of the enemy, and both ſides were drawn up for battle. *Indur* and the reſt were urged forwards by their leaders, wondering at the ſame time at the ſcene in which they were engaged, ſo contrary to their nature and manners. Preſently all was involved in ſmoke and fire. The elephants, advancing, ſoon put to flight thoſe who were drawn up before them; but their career was ſtopped by a battery of cannon, which played furiouſly againſt them. Their vaſt bodies offered a fair mark to the balls, which preſently ſtruck down ſome, and wounded others. *Indur* received a ſhot on one of his tuſks, which broke it, and put him to ſuch pain and affright, that, turning about, he ran with all ſpeed

over the plain; and falling in with a body of their own infantry, he burſt through, trampling down whole ranks, and filling them with terror and confuſion. His leader, having now loſt all command over him, and finding him hurtful only to his own party, applied the ſharp inſtrument he carried to the nape of his neck, and, driving it with all his force, pierced his ſpinal marrow, ſo that he fell lifeleſs to the ground.

In the next ſtage of his exiſtence, *Indur*, to his great ſurpriſe, found even the vaſt bulk of the elephant prodigiouſly exceeded; for he was now a *Whale* of the largeſt ſpecies, rolling in the midſt of the arctic ſeas. As he darted along, the laſh of his tail made whirlpools in the mighty deep. When he opened his immenſe jaws, he drew in a flood of brine, which, on riſing to the ſurface, he ſpouted out again in a ruſhing fountain that roſe high in the air with the noiſe of a mighty cataract. All the other inhabitants of the ocean ſeemed as nothing to him. He ſwallowed, al-

moſt without knowing it, whole ſhoals of the ſmaller kinds; and the larger ſwiftly turned aſide at his approach. "Now," he cried to himſelf, "whatever other evils may await me, I am certainly ſecure from the moleſtations of other animals; for what is the creature that can dare to cope with me, or meaſure his ſtrength with mine?" Having ſaid this, he ſaw ſwimming near him a fiſh not a quarter of his length, armed with a dreadful row of teeth. This was a grampus, which directly flying upon *Indur*, faſtened on him, and made his great teeth meet in his fleſh. *Indur* roared with pain, and laſhed the ſea till it was all in a foam; but could neither reach nor ſhake off his cruel foe. He rolled over and over, roſe and ſunk, and exerted all his boaſted ſtrength; but to no purpoſe. At length the grampus quitted his hold, and left him not a little mortified with the adventure. This was however forgotten, and *Indur* received pleaſure from his new ſituation, as he roamed through the

boundleſs fields of ocean, now diving to its very bottom, now ſhooting ſwiftly to its ſurface, and ſporting with his companions in unwieldy gambols. Having choſen a mate, he took his courſe with her ſouthwards, and in due time brought up two young ones, of whom he was extremely fond. The ſummer ſeaſon being arrived, he more frequently than uſual roſe to the ſurface, and baſking in the ſun-beams, floated unmoved with a large part of his huge body above the waves. As he was thus one day enjoying a profound ſleep, he was awaked by a ſharp inſtrument penetrating deep into his back. Inſtantly he ſprung away with the ſwiftneſs of lightning, and feeling the weapon ſtill ſticking, he dived into the receſſes of the deep, and ſtaid there till want of air obliged him to aſcend to the ſurface. Here another harpoon was plunged into him, the ſmart of which again made him fly from his unſeen foes; but after a ſhorter courſe, he was again compelled to riſe, much weakened by the

loſs of blood, which, guſhing in a torrent, tinged the waters as he paſſed. Another wound was inflicted, which ſoon brought him almoſt lifeleſs to the ſurface; and the line faſtened to the firſt harpoon being now pulled in, this enormous creature was brought, an unreſiſting prey, to the ſide of a ſhip, where he was ſoon quite diſpatched, and then cut to pieces.

The ſoul of this huge carcaſe had next a much narrower lodging, for *Indur* was changed into a *Bee*, which, with a great multitude of its young companions, was on flight in ſearch of a new ſettlement, their parents having driven them out of the hive, which was unable to contain them all. After a rambling excurſion, the queen, by whom all their motions were directed, ſettled on the branch of a lofty tree. They all immediately cluſtered round her, and ſoon formed a large black bunch, depending from the bough. A man preſently planting a ladder, aſcended with a bee-hive, and ſwept them in. After they were

quietly ſettled in their new habitation, they were placed on a ſtand in the garden along with ſome other colonies, and left to begin their labours. Every fine morning, as ſoon as the ſun was up, the greateſt part of them ſallied forth, and roamed over the garden and the neighbouring fields in ſearch of freſh and fragrant flowers. They firſt collected a quantity of gluey matter, with which they lined all the inſide of their houſe. Then they brought wax, and began to make their cells, building them with the utmoſt regularity, though it was their firſt attempt, and they had no teacher. As faſt as they were built, ſome were filled with liquid honey gathered from the nectaries of flowers; and as they filled the cells, they ſealed them up with a thin covering of wax. In other cells, the queen bee depoſited her eggs, which were to ſupply a new progeny for the enſuing year. Nothing could be a more pleaſing ſight, than to behold on a ſunſhiny day the inſects continually going forth to their

labour, while others were as conſtantly arriving at the mouth of the hole, either with yellow balls of wax under their thighs, or full of the honey which they had drawn in with their trunks, for the purpoſe of ſpouting it out into the cells of the honey-comb. *Indur* felt much delight in this uſeful and active way of life, and was always one of the firſt abroad at the dawn, and lateſt home in the evening. On rainy and foggy days they ſtaid at home, and employed themſelves in finiſhing their cells, and all the neceſſary work within doors; and *Indur*, though endued with human reaſon, could not but admire the readineſs with which he and the reſt formed the moſt regular plans of work, all correſponding in deſign and execution, guided by inſtinct alone.

The end of autumn now approaching, the bees had filled their combs with honey; and nothing more being to be got abroad, they ſtaid within doors, paſſing moſt of their time in ſleep. They eat a little of their ſtore, but with great fru-

gality; and all their meals were made in public, none daring to make free with the common ſtock by himſelf. The owner of the hives now came and took them one by one into his hands, that he might judge by the weight whether or no they were full of honey. That in which *Indur* was, proved to be one of the heavieſt; and it was therefore reſolved to take the contents. For this purpoſe, one cold night, when the bees were all faſt aſleep, the hive was placed over a hole in the ground, in which were put brimſtone matches ſet on fire. The fumes roſe into the hive, and ſoon ſuffocated great part of the bees, and ſtupified the reſt, ſo that they all fell from the combs. *Indur* was amongſt the dead.

He ſoon revived in the form of a young *Rabbit* in a ſpacious warren. This was like a populous town; being every where hollowed by burrows running deep under ground, and each inhabited by one or more families. In the evening, the warren was covered with a vaſt number of

rabbits, old and young, ſome feeding, others friſking about, and purſuing one another in wanton ſport. At the leaſt alarm, they all hurried into the holes neareſt them; and were in an inſtant ſafe from enemies, who either could not follow them at all, or if they did, were foiled in the chaſe by the numerous ways and turnings in the earth, communicating with each other, ſo as to afford eaſy means of eſcape. *Indur* delighted much in this ſecure and ſocial life; and taking a mate, was ſoon the father of a numerous offspring. Several of the little ones, however, not being ſufficiently careful, fell a prey either to hawks and crows continually hovering over the warren, or to cats, foxes, and other wild quadrupeds, who uſed every art to catch them at a diſtance from their holes. *Indur* himſelf ran ſeveral hazards. He was once very near being caught by a little dog trained for the purpoſe, who kept playing round for a conſiderable time, not ſeeming to attend to the rabbits, till having got near, he all

at once darted into the midſt of them. Another time he received ſome ſhot from a ſportſman who lay on the watch behind a hedge adjoining the warren.

The number of rabbits here were ſo great, that a hard winter coming on, which killed moſt of the vegetables, or buried them deep under the ſnow, they were reduced to great ſtraits, and many were famiſhed to death. Some turnips and hay, however, which were laid for them, preſerved the greater part. The approach of ſpring renewed their ſport and pleaſure; and *Indur* was made the father of another family. One night, however, was fatal to them all. As they were ſleeping, they were alarmed by the attack of a ferret; and running with great ſpeed to the mouth of their burrow to eſcape it, they were all caught in nets placed over their holes. *Indur* with the reſt was diſpatched by a blow on the back of the neck, and his body was ſent to the neareſt market town.

His next change was into a young

Maſtiff, brought up in a farm yard. Having nearly acquired his full ſize, he was ſent as a preſent to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who wanted a faithful güard for his houſe and grounds. *Indur* preſently attached himſelf to his maſter and all his family, and ſhowed every mark of a noble and generous nature. Though fierce as a lion whenever he thought the perſons or properties of his friends invaded, he was as gentle as a lamb at other times, and would patiently ſuffer any kind of freedoms from thoſe he loved. He permitted the children of the houſe to lug him about, ride on his back, and uſe him as roughly as their little hands were capable of; never, even when hurt, ſhewing his diſpleaſure further than by a low growl. He was extremely indulgent to all the other animals of his ſpecies in the yard; and when abroad, would treat the impertinent barking of little dogs with ſilent contempt. Once, indeed, being provoked beyond bearing, not only by the noiſe, but by the ſnaps of a malicious

whelp, he ſuddenly ſeized him in his open mouth; but when the byſtanders thought that the poor cur was going inſtantly to be devoured, they were equally diverted and pleaſed at ſeeing *Indur* go to the ſide of a muddy ditch, and drop his antagoniſt unhurt into the middle of it.

He had, however, more ſerious conflicts frequently to ſuſtain. He was accuſtomed to attend the ſervant on market days to the neighbouring town; when it was his office to guard the proviſion cart, while the man was making his purchaſes in the ſhops. On theſe occaſions, the boldeſt dogs in the ſtreet would ſometimes make an onſet in a body; and while ſome of them were engaging *Indur*, others would be mounting the cart, and pulling down the meat baſkets. *Indur* had much ado to defend himſelf and the baggage too; however, he never failed to make ſome of the aſſailants pay dearly for their impudence; and by his loud barking, he ſummoned his human fellow-ſervant to his aſſiſtance, in time to prevent their depredations.

At length his courage was exerted on the moſt important ſervice to which it could be applied. His maſter, returning home late one evening, was attacked near his own houſe by three armed ruffians. *Indur* heard his voice calling for help, and inſtantly flew to his relief. He ſeized one of the villains by the throat, brought him to the ground, and preſently diſabled him. The maſter, in the mean time, was keeping off the other two with a large ſtick; but had received ſeveral wounds with a cutlaſs; and one of the men had preſented a piſtol, and was juſt on the point of firing. At this moment *Indur*, leaving his vanquiſhed foe on the ground, ruſhed forward, and ſeizing the man's arm, made him drop the piſtol. The maſter took it up; on which the other robber fled. He now advanced to him with whom *Indur* was engaged, and fired the piſtol at him. The ball broke the man's arm, and from thence entered the body of *Indur*, and mortally wounded him. He fell, but had the ſatisfaction

of seeing his master remain lord of the field; and the servants now coming up, made prisoners of the two wounded robbers. The master threw himself by the side of *Indur*, and expressed the warmest concern at the accident which had made him the cause of the death of the faithful animal that had preserved his life. *Indur* died, licking his hand.

So generous a nature was now no longer to be annexed to a brutal form. *Indur*, awaking as it were from a trance, found himself again in the happy region he had formerly inhabited, and recommenced the innocent life of a Brachman. He cherished the memory of his transmigrations, and handed them down to posterity, in a relation from whence the preceding account has been extracted for the amusement of my young readers.

SEVENTH EVENING.

THE NATIVE VILLAGE.

A DRAMA.

Scene—*A ſcattered Village almoſt hidden with trees.*

Enter HARFORD *and* BEAUMONT.

Harford. THERE is the place. This is the green on which I played many a day with my companions; there are the tall trees that I have ſo often climbed for birds' neſts; and that is the pond where I uſed to ſail my walnut-ſhell boats. What a crowd of mixed ſenſations ruſh on my mind! What pleaſure, and what regret! Yes, there is ſomewhat in our native ſoil that affects the mind in a manner different from every other ſcene in nature.

Beaumont. With you it muſt be merely the *place*; for I think you can have no attachments of friendſhip or affection in it, conſidering your long abſence, and the removal of all your family.

Harf. No, I have no family connexions, and indeed can ſcarcely be ſaid ever

to have had any: for, as you know, I was almoſt utterly neglected after the death of my father and mother, and while all my elder brothers and ſiſters were diſperſed to one part or another, and the little remaining property was diſpoſed of, I wa left with the poor people who nurſed me, to be brought up juſt as they thought proper; and the little penſion that was paid for me entirely ceaſed after a few years.

Beaum. Then how were you afterwards ſupported?

Harf. The honeſt couple who had the care of me continued to treat me with the greateſt kindneſs; and poor as they were, not only maintained me as a child of their own, but did all in their power to procure me advantages more ſuited to my birth, than my deſerted ſituation. With the aſſiſtance of the worthy clergyman of the pariſh, they put me to a day-ſchool in the village, clothed me decently, and being themſelves ſober, religious perſons, took care to keep me from vice.

The obligations I am under to them will, I hope, never be efficed from my memory, and it is on their account alone that I have undertaken this journey.

Beaum. How long did you continue with them?

Harf. Till I was thirteen. I then felt an irresistible desire to fight for my country; and learning by accident that a distant relation of our family was a captain of a man of war, I took leave of my worthy benefactors, and set off to the seaport where he lay, the good people furnishing me in the best manner they were able with necessaries for the journey. I shall never forget the tenderness with which they parted with me. It was, if possible, beyond that of the kindest parents. You know my subsequent adventures, from the time of my becoming a midshipman, to my present state of first lieutenant in the Britannia. Tho' it is now fifteen years since my departure, I feel my affection for these good folks stronger than ever, and could not

be eaſy without taking the firſt opportunity of ſeeing them.

Beaum. It is a great chance if they are both living.

Harf. I happened to hear by a young man of the village, not long ſince, that they were; but I believe much reduced in their circumſtances.

Beaum. Whereabouts did they live?

Harf. Juſt at the turning of this corner. But what's this—I can't find the houſe—Yet I am ſure I have not forgot the ſituation. Surely it muſt be pulled down! Oh! my dear old friends, what can have become of you?

Beaum. You had beſt aſk that little girl.

Harf. Hark ye, my dear!—do you know one John Beech, of this place?

Girl. What, old John Beech? Oh yes, very well, and Mary Beech too.

Harf. Where do they live?

Girl. A little further on in the lane.

Harf. Did not they once live hereabouts?

Girl. Yes, till farmer Tything pulled the houſe down to make his hop-garden.

Harf. Come with me to ſhow me the place, and I'll give you a penny.

Girl. Yes, that I will. *(They walk on.)* There—that low thatched houſe—and there's Mary ſpinning at the door.

Harf. There, my dear *(gives money, and the girl goes away.)* How my heart beats! Surely that cannot be my nurſe! Yes, I recollect her now; but how very old and ſickly ſhe looks.

Beaum. Fifteen years in her life, with care and hardſhip, muſt go a great way in breaking her down.

Harf. (going to the cottage door.) Good morning, good woman; can you give my companion and me ſomething to drink? We are very thirſty with walking this hot day.

Mary Beech. I have nothing better than water, Sir; but if you pleaſe to accept of that, I will bring you ſome.

Beaum. Thank you—we will trouble you for ſome.

Mary. Will you pleaſe to walk in out of the ſun, gentlemen? Ours is a very poor houſe, indeed; but I will find you a ſeat to ſit down on, while I draw the water.

Harf. (to Beaumont.) The ſame good creature as ever! let us go in.

Scene II.—*The Inſide of the Cottage. An old Man ſitting by the Hearth.*

Beaum. We have made bold, friend, to trouble your wife for a little water.

John Beech. Sit down—ſit down—gentlemen. I would get up to give you my chair, but I have the misfortune to be lame, and am almoſt blind too.

Harf. Lame and blind! Oh Beaumont *(aſide.)*

John. Ay, Sir, old age will come on; and, God knows, we have very little means to fence againſt it.

Beaum. What, have you nothing but your labour to ſubſiſt on?

John. We made that do, Sir, as long as we could; but now I am hardly capable of doing any thing, and my poor

wife can earn very little by ſpinning, ſo we have been forced at laſt to apply to the pariſh.

Harf. To the pariſh! Well, I hope they conſider the ſervices of your better days, and provide for you comfortably.

John. Alas, Sir; I am not much given to complain; but what can a ſhilling a week do in theſe hard times?

Harf. Little enough, indeed! And is that all they allow you?

John. It is, Sir; and we are not to have that much longer, for they ſay we muſt come into the workhouſe.

Mary (entering with the water.) Here, gentlemen. The jug is clean, if you can drink out of it.

Harf. The workhouſe, do you ſay?

Mary. Yes, gentlemen—that makes my poor huſband ſo uneaſy—that we ſhould come in our old days to die in a workhouſe. We have lived better, I aſſure you—but we were turned out of our little farm by the great farmer near the church; and ſince that time we have

been growing poorer and poorer, and weaker and weaker, so that we have nothing to help ourselves with.

John (sobbing.) To die in a parish workhouse—I can hardly bear the thoughts of it.—But God knows best, and we must submit.

Harf. But, my good people, have you no children or friends to assist you?

John. Our children, Sir, are all dead, except one that is settled a long way off, and as poor as we are.

Beaum. But surely, my friends, such decent people as you seem to be must have somebody to protect you.

Mary. No, Sir—we know nobody but our neighbours, and they think the workhouse good enough for the poor.

Harf. Pray, was there not a family of Harfords once in this village?

John. Yes, Sir, a long while ago—but they are all dead and gone, or else far enough from this place.

Mary. Ay, Sir, the youngest of them, and the finest child among them, that

I'll ſay for him, was nurſed in our houſe, when we lived in the old ſpot near the green. He was with us till he was thirteen, and a ſweet behaved boy he was—I loved him as well as ever I did any of my own children.

Harf. What became of him?

John. Why, Sir, he was a fine bold ſpirited boy, though the beſt tempered creature in the world—ſo laſt war he would be a ſailor, and fight the French and Spaniards, and away he went, nothing could ſtop him, and we have never heard a word of him ſince.

Mary. Ay, he is dead or killed, I warrant—for if he was alive and in England, I am ſure nothing would keep him from coming to ſee his poor daddy and mammy, as he uſed to call us. Many a night have I lain awake thinking of him!

Harf. (to Beaum.) I can hold no longer!

Beaum. (to him.) Reſtrain yourſelf a while—Well, my friends, in return for your kindneſs I will tell you ſome news

that will pleaſe you. This ſame Harford, Edward Harford. . . .

Mary. Ay, that was his name—my dear Ned—What of him, Sir? Is he living?

John. Let the gentleman ſpeak, my dear.

Beaum. Ned Harford is now alive and well, and a lieutenant in his majeſty's navy, and as brave an officer as any in the ſervice.

John. I hope you do not jeſt with us, Sir.

Beaum. I do not, upon my honour.

Mary. O thank God—thank God—if I could but ſee him!

John. Ay, I wiſh for nothing more before I die.

Harf. Here he is—here he is—My deareſt, beſt benefactors! Here I am, to pay ſome of the great debt of kindneſs I owe you. *(Claſps Mary round the neck, and kiſſes her.)*

Mary. What—this gentleman my Ned! Ay, it is, it is—I ſee it, I ſee it.

John. O my old eyes !—but I know his voice now. *(Stretches out his hand, which Harford graſps.)*

Harf. My good old man ! O that you could ſee me, as clearly as I do you !

John. Enough—enough—it is you, and I am contented.

Mary. O happy day !—O happy day !

Harf. Did you think I could ever forget you ?

John. O no—I knew you better—but what a long while it is ſince we parted !

Mary. Fifteen years come Whitſuntide.

Harf. The firſt time I ſet foot in England, all this long interval, was three weeks ago.

John. How good you were to come to us ſo ſoon !

Mary. What a tall, ſtrong man you are grown !—but you have the ſame ſweet ſmile as ever.

John. I wiſh I could ſee him plain—but what ſignifies !—he's here, and I

hold him by the hand. Where's the other good gentleman ?

Beaum. Here—very happy to ſee ſuch worthy people made ſo !

Harf. He has been my deareſt friend for a great many years, and I am beholden to him almoſt as much as to you two.

Mary. Has he ? God bleſs him and reward him !

Harf. I am grieved to think what you muſt have ſuffered from hardſhip and poverty—But that is all at an end—no workhouſe now !

John. God bleſs you ! then I ſhall be happy ſtill. But we muſt not be burthenſome to you.

Harf. Don't talk of that—as long as I have a ſhilling, it is my duty to give you ſixpence of it. Did not you take care of me when all the world forſook me—and treated me as your own child when I had no other parent—and ſhall I ever forſake you in your old age ! Oh never—never !

Mary. Ah, you had always a kind heart of your own. I always uſed to think our dear Ned would ſome time or other prove a bleſſing to us.

Harf. You muſt leave this poor hut, that is not fit to keep out the weather, and we muſt get you a ſnug cottage, either in this village or ſome other.

John. Pray, my dear Sir, let us die in this town, as we have always lived in it. And as to a houſe, I believe that where old Richard Carpenter uſed to live is empty, if it would not be too good for us.

Harf. What, the white cottage on the green? I remember it—it is juſt the thing. You ſhall remove there this very week.

Mary. This is beyond all my hopes and wiſhes!

Harf. There you ſhall have a little cloſe to keep a cow—and a girl to milk her, and take care of you both—and a garden well ſtocked with herbs and roots —and a little yard for pigs and poultry

—and ſome good new furniture for your houſe . . . .

John. O too much—too much !

Mary. What makes me cry ſo, when ſo many goods things are coming to us ?

Harf. Who is the landlord of that houſe ?

John. Our next neighbour, Mr. Wheatfield.

Harf. I'll go and ſpeak about it directly, and then come to you again. Come, Beaumont. God bleſs you both !

John. God in heaven bleſs you !

Mary. O happy day—O happy day !

THE

SWALLOW AND TORTOISE.

A *Tortoiſe*, in a garden's bound,
An ancient inmate of the place,
Had left his winter-quarters under ground,
And with a ſober pace
Was crawling o'er a ſunny bed,
And thruſting from his ſhell his pretty toad-like head.

Juſt come from ſea, a *Swallow*,
As to and fro he nimbly flew,
Beat our old racer hollow :

At length he ſtopt direct in view,
And ſaid, "Acquaintance, briſk and gay,
How have you far'd this many a day?"

"Thank you, (replied the cloſe houſe-keeper)
Since you and I laſt autumn parted,
I've been a precious ſleeper,
And never ſtirr'd nor ſtarted,
But in my hole I lay as ſnug
As fleas within a rug;
Nor did I put my head abroad
Till all the ſnow and ice were thaw'd."

"But I (rejoin'd the bird)
Who love cold weather juſt as well as you,
Soon as the warning blaſts I heard,
Away I flew,
And mounting in the wind,
Left gloomy winter far behind.
Directed by the mid-day ſun,
O'er ſea and land my vent'rous courſe I ſteer'd,
Nor was my diſtant journey done
Till Afric's verdant coaſt appear'd.
There, all the ſeaſon long,
I chas'd gay butterflies and gnats,
And gave my negro friends a morning ſong,
And hous'd at night among the bats.
Then, at the call of ſpring,
I northward turn'd my wing,
And here again her joyous meſſage bring."

"Lord! what a deal of needleſs ranging;"
(Return'd the reptile grave)
"Forever hurrying, buſtling, changing,
As if it were your life to ſave!

Why need you viſit foreign nations ?
Rather like me, and ſome of your relations,
Take out a pleaſant half-year's nap,
Secure from trouble and miſhap."

" A pleaſant nap, indeed ! (replied the ſwallow)
When I can neither ſee nor fly,
The bright example I may follow :
Till then, in truth, not I !
I meaſure time by its employment,
And only value life for life's enjoyment.
As good be buried all at once,
As doze out half one's days, like you, you ſtupid dunce !"

THE PRICE OF PLEASURE.

"I THINK I will take a ride"—ſaid the little *Lord Linger*, after breakfaſt—"bring me my boots, and let my horſe be brought to the door."

The horſe was ſaddled, and his lordſhip's ſpurs were putting on.

"No"—ſaid he—"I'll have my low chair and the ponies, and take a drive round the park."

The horſe was led back, and the ponies were almoſt harneſſed, when his lordſhip ſent his valet to countermand

them. He would walk into the corn field, and see how the new pointer hunted.

"After all"—says he—"I think I will stay at home, and play a game or two at billiards."

He played half a game, but could not make a stroke to please himself. His tutor, who was present, now thought it a good opportunity to ask his lordship if he would read a little.

"Why—I think—I will—for I am tired of doing nothing. What shall we have?"

"Your lordship left off last time in one of the finest passages in the Æneid. Suppose we finish it."

"Well—ay! But—no—I had rather go on with Hume's history. Or—suppose we do some geography?"

"With all my heart. The globes are upon the study table."

They went to the study; and the little lord, leaning upon his elbows, looked at the globe—then twirled it round two

or three times—and then listened patiently while the tutor explained some of its parts and uses. But whilst he was in the midst of a problem, "Come"—said his lordship—"now for a little Virgil."

The book was brought; and the pupil, with a good deal of help, got through twenty lines.

"Well"—said he, ringing the bell—"I think we have done a good deal. Tom! bring my bow and arrows."

The fine London-made bow in its green case, and the quiver with all its appurtenances, were brought, and his lordship went down to the place where the shooting butts were erected. He aimed a few shafts at the target, but not coming near it, he shot all the remainder at random, and then ordered out his horse.

He sauntered, with a servant at his heels, for a mile or two through the lanes, and came, just as the clock struck twelve, to a village-green, close by which a school was kept. A door flew open, and

out burſt a ſhoal of boys, who, ſpreading over the green, with immoderate vociferation, inſtantly began a variety of ſports. Some fell to marbles—ſome to trap-ball—ſome to leap-frog. In ſhort, not one of the whole crew but was eagerly employed. Every thing was noiſe, motion, and pleaſure. *Lord Linger*, riding ſlowly up, eſpied one of his tenants' ſons, who had been formerly admitted as a playfellow of his, and called him from the throng.

"Jack"—ſaid he—"how do you like ſchool?"

"O—pretty well, my lord!"

"What—have you a good deal of play?"

"O no! We have only from twelve to two for playing and eating our dinners; and then an hour before ſupper."

"That is very little, indeed!"

"But *we play heartily when we do play, and work when we work.* Good by, my lord! It is my turn to go in at trap."

So ſaying, Jack ran off.

"I wish I was a school-boy!"—cried the little lord to himself.

THE GOOSE AND HORSE.

A FABLE.

A *Goose*, who was plucking grass upon a common, thought herself affronted by a *Horse* who fed near her, and in hissing accents thus addressed him. "I am certainly a more noble and perfect animal than you, for the whole range and extent of your faculties is confined to one element. I can walk upon the ground as well as you; I have besides wings, with which I can raise myself in the air; and when I please, I can sport in ponds and lakes, and refresh myself in the cool waters: I enjoy the different powers of a bird, a fish, and a quadruped."

The *Horse*, snorting somewhat disdainfully, replied, "It is true you inhabit three elements, but you make no very distinguished figure in any one of them. You fly indeed; but your flight is so

heavy and clumsy, that you have no right to put yourself on a level with the lark or the swallow. You can swim on the surface of the waters, but you cnanot live in them as fishes do; you cannot find your food in that element, nor glide smoothly along the bottom of the waves. And when you walk, or rather waddle, upon the ground, with your broad feet and your long neck stretched out, hissing at every one who passes by, you bring upon yourself the derision of all beholders. I confess that I am only formed to move upon the ground; but how graceful is my make! how well turned my limbs! how highly finished my whole body! how great my strength! how astonishing my speed! I had far rather be confined to one element, and be admired in that, than be a *Goose* in all."

EIGHTH EVENING.

THE GRASS TRIBE.

Tutor—George—Harry.

Harry. PRAY what is that growing on the other ſide of the hedge?

George. Why it is corn—don't you ſee it is in ear?

H. Yes—but it ſeems too ſhort for corn; and the corn we juſt now paſſed is not in ear by a great deal.

G. Then I don't know what it is. Pray, Sir, will you tell us?

Tutor. I don't wonder you were puzzled about it. It is a ſort of graſs ſown for hay, and is called *rye-graſs*.

H. But how happens it that it is ſo very like corn?

T. There is no great wonder in that; for all corn is really a kind of graſs. And on the other hand, if you were a Lilliputian, every ſpecies of graſs would appear to you amazing large corn.

G. Then there is no difference between corn and graſs but the ſize ?

T. None at all.

H. But we eat corn ; and graſs is not good to eat.

T. It is only the ſeeds of corn that we eat. We leave the ſtalks and leaves for cows and horſes. Now we might eat the ſeeds of graſs, if they were big enough to be worth gathering ; and ſome particular kinds are in fact eaten in certain countries.

H. But are wheat and barley really graſs ?

T. Yes—they are a ſpecies of that great family of plants, which botaniſts call *graſſes* ; and I will take this opportunity of telling you ſomething about them. Go, George, and pull us up a root of that rye-graſs. Harry and I will ſit down on this ſtile till you come to us.

H. Here is graſs enough all round us.

T. Well then—pull up a few roots that you ſee in ear.

G. Here is the graſs.

H. And here is mine.

T. Well—ſpread them all in a handkerchief before us. Now look at the roots of them all. What do you call them?

G. I think they are what you have told us are *fibrous* roots.

T. Right—they conſiſt of a bundle of ſtrings. Then look at their ſtalks—you will find them jointed and hollow, like the ſtraw of corn.

H. So they are.

T. The leaves, you ſee, of all the kinds are very long and narrow, tapering to a point at their ends. Thoſe of corn, you know, are the ſame.

H. Yes—they are ſo like graſs at firſt, that I can never tell the difference.

T. Next obſerve the ears, or heads. Some of theſe, you ſee, are thick and cloſe, exactly like thoſe of wheat or barley; others are more looſe and open, like oats. The firſt are generally called *ſpikes*; the ſecond, *panicles*. If you examine them cloſely, you will find that they all

conſiſt of a number of diſtinct huſky bodies, which are properly the flowers; each of which is ſucceeded by a ſingle ſeed. I dare ſay you have picked the ears of wheat.

H. O yes—I am very fond of them.

T. Well then—you found that the grains all lay ſingle, contained in a ſcaly huſk, making a part of the ear, or head. Before the ſeed was formed, there was a flower in its place. I do not mean a gay fine-coloured flower, but a few ſcales, with threads coming out among them, each crowned with a white tip. And ſoon after the ears of corn appear, you will find their flowers open, and theſe white tips coming out of them. This is the ſtructure of the flowers and flowering heads of every one of the graſs tribe.

G. But what are the *beards* of corn?

T. The beards are briſtles or points running out from the ends of the huſks. They are properly called *awns*. Moſt of the graſs tribe have ſomething of theſe, but they are much longer in ſome

kinds than in others. In barley, you know, they are very long, and give the whole field a ſort of downy or ſilky appearance, eſpecially when waved by the wind.

H. Are there the ſame kinds of corn and graſs in all countries?

T. No. With reſpect to corn, that is in all countries the product of cultivation; and different ſorts are found beſt to ſuit different climates. Thus in the northern parts of the temperate zone, oats and rye are chiefly grown. In the middle and ſouthern, barley and wheat. Wheat is univerſally the ſpecies preferred for bread corn; but there are various kinds of it, differing from each other in ſize of grain, firmneſs, colour, and other qualities.

H. Does not the beſt wheat of all grow in England?

T. By no means. Wheat is better ſuited to the warmer climates, and it is only by great attention and upon particular ſoils that it is made to ſucceed well

here. On the other hand, the torrid zone is too hot for wheat and our other grains; and they chiefly cultivate rice there, and Indian corn.

G. I have seen heads of Indian corn, as thick as my wrist, but they do not look at all like our corn.

T. Yes—the seeds all grow single in a sort of chaffy head; and the stalk and leaves resemble those of the grass tribe, but of a gigantic size. But there are other plants of this family, which perhaps you have not thought of.

G. What are they?

T. Canes and reeds—from the sugar-cane and bamboo of the tropics, to the common reed of our ditches, of which you make arrows. All these have the general character of the grasses.

H. I know that reeds have very fine feathery heads, like the tops of grass.

T. They have so. And the stalks are composed of many joints; as are also those of the sugar cane, and the bamboo, of which fishing rods and walking sticks

are often made. Some of these are very tall plants, but the seeds of them are small in proportion, and not useful for food. But there is yet another kind of grass-like plants common among us.

G. What is that?

T. Have you not observed in the marshes, and on the sides of ditches, a course broader leaved sort of grass, with large dark coloured spikes? This is *sedge*, in Latin *carex*, and there are many sorts of it.

H. What is that good for?

T. It is eaten by cattle, both fresh and dry; but is inferior in quality to good grass.

G. What is it that makes one kind of grass better than another?

T. There are various properties which give value to grasses. Some spread more than others, resist frost and drought better; yield a greater crop of leaves, and are therefore better for pasturage and hay. The juices of some are more nourishing and sweeter than others. In general,

however, different grasses are suited to different soils; and by improving soils, the quality of the grass is improved.

G. Does grass grow in all countries?

T. Yes—the green turf which naturally covers fertile soil in all countries, is chiefly composed of grasses of various kinds. They form, therefore, the verdant carpet extended over the earth; and humble as they are, they contribute more to beauty and utility, than any other part of the vegetable creation.

H. What—more than trees?

T. Yes, certainly. A land entirely covered with trees would be gloomy, unwholesome, and scarcely inhabitable; whereas the meadow, the down, and the corn field, afford the most agreeable prospects to the eye, and furnith every necessary, and many of the luxuries of life. Give us corn and grass, and what shall we want for food?

H. Let me see—what should we

have? There's bread, and flour for puddings.

G. Ay, and milk, for you know cows live on grafs and hay—ſo there's cheeſe and butter, and all things that are made of milk.

T. And are there not all kinds of meat too, and poultry? And then for drink, there is beer and ale, which are made from barley. For all theſe we are chiefly indebted to *the graſſes.*

G. Then I am ſure we are very much obliged to *the* graſſes.

T. Well—let us now walk homewards. Some time hence you ſhall make a collection of all the kinds of graſſes, and learn to know them from each other.

A TEA LECTURE.

Tutor—Pupil.

Tut. Come—the tea is ready. Lay

by your book, and let us talk a little. You have aſſiſted in tea-making a great many times, and yet I dare ſay you never conſidered what kind of an operation it was.

Pup. An operation of cookery—is it not?

Tut. You may call it ſo; but it is properly an operation of *chemiſtry*.

Pup. Of chemiſtry? I thought that had been a very deep ſort of a buſineſs.

Tut. O—there are many things in common life that belong to the deepeſt of ſciences. Making tea is the chemical operation called *infuſion*, which is, when a hot liquor is poured upon a ſubſtance in order to extract ſomething from it. The water, you ſee, extracts from the tea-leaves their colour, taſte, and flavour.

Pup. Would not cold water do the ſame?

Tut. It would, but more ſlowly. Heat aſſiſts almoſt all liquors in their power of

extracting the virtues of herbs and other ſubſtances. Thus good houſe-wives were formerly uſed to boil their tea, in order to get all the goodneſs from it as completely as poſſible. The greater heat and agitation of boiling makes it act more powerfully. The liquor in which a ſubſtance has been boiled is called a *decoction* of that ſubſtance.

Pup. Then we had a decoction of mutton at dinner to-day.

Tut. We had—broth is a decoction, and ſo are gruel and barley water. But when any thing is put to ſteep in a cold liquor, it is called *maſſeration.* The ingredients of which ink is made are *maſſerated.* In all theſe caſes, you ſee, the whole ſubſtance does not mix with the liquor, but only part of it. The reaſon is, that part of it is *ſoluble* in the liquor, and part not.

Pup. What is the meaning of that?

Tut. Solution is when a ſolid put into

a fluid entirely disappears in it, leaving the liquor clear. Thus when I throw this lump of sugar into my tea, you see it gradually wastes away till it is all gone; and then I can taste it in every single drop of my tea; but the tea is clear as before.

Pup. Salt would do the same.

Tut. It would. But if I were to throw in a lump of chalk, it would lie undissolved at the bottom.

Pup. But it would make the water white.

Tut. True, while it was stirred; and then it would be a *diffusion.* But while the chalk was thus mixed with the liquor, it would lose its transparency, and not recover it again, till by standing the chalk had all subsided, and left the liquor as it was before.

Pup. How is the cream mixed with the tea?

Tut. Why, that is only *diffused*, for it takes away the transparency of the tea.

But the particles of cream being finer and lighter than thoſe of chalk, it remains longer united with the liquor. However, in time the cream would ſeparate too, and riſe to the top, leaving the tea clear. Now, ſuppoſe you had a mixture of ſugar, ſalt, chalk, and tea-leaves, and were to throw it into water, either hot or cold; what would be the effect?

Pup. The ſugar and ſalt would melt and diſappear. The tea-leaves would yield their colour and taſte. The chalk, I do not know what would become of that.

Tut. Why, if the mixture were ſtirred, the chalk would be diffuſed through it, and make it *turbid* or muddy; but on ſtanding, it would leave it unchanged.

Pup. Then there would remain at bottom the chalk and tea-leaves?

Tut. Yes. The clear liquor would contain in *ſolution* ſalt, ſugar, and thoſe particles of the tea, in which its colour

and taſte conſiſted: the remainder of the tea, and the chalk, would lie undiſſolved.

Pup. Then I ſuppoſe tea-leaves, after the tea is made, are lighter than at firſt.

Tut. Undoubtedly. If taken out and dried they would be found to have loſt part of their weight, and the water would have gained it. Sometimes, however, it is an extremely ſmall portion of a ſubſtance which is ſoluble, but it is that in which its moſt remarkable qualities reſide. Thus a ſmall piece of ſpice will communicate a ſtrong flavour to a large quantity of liquid, with very little loſs of weight.

Pup. Will all liquors diſſolve the ſame things?

Tut. By no means. Many diſſolve in water, that will not in ſpirits of wine; and the contrary. And upon this difference many curious matters in the arts are founded. Thus, ſpirit varniſh is

made of a ſolution of various gums or reſins in ſpirits that will not diſſolve in water. Therefore, when it has been laid over any ſurface with a bruſh, and is become dry, the rain or moiſture of the air will not affect it. This is the caſe with the beautiful varniſh laid upon coaches. On the other hand, the varniſh left by gum-water could not be waſhed off by ſpirits.

Pup. I remember when I made gum-water, upon ſetting the cup in a warm place, it all dried away, and left the gum juſt as it was before. Would the ſame happen if I had ſugar or ſalt diſſolved in water?

Tut. Yes—upon expoſing the ſolution to warmth, it would dry away, and you would get back your ſalt or ſugar in a ſolid ſtate as before.

Pup. But if we were to do ſo with a cup of tea, what ſhould I get?

Tut. Not tea-leaves, certainly! But your queſtion requires a little previous

explanation. It is the property of heat to make moſt things fly off in vapour, which is called *evaporation* or *exhalation*. But this it does in very different degrees to different ſubſtances. Some are very eaſily made to *evaporate*; others very difficultly; and others not at all by the moſt violent fire we can raiſe. Fluids, in general, are eaſily *evaporable*; but not equally ſo. Spirits of wine fly off in vapour much ſooner than water; ſo that if you had a mixture of the two, by applying a gentle heat you might drive off all the ſpirits, and leave the water pure. Water, again, is more evaporable than oil. Some ſolid ſubſtances are much diſpoſed to evaporate. Thus, ſmelling ſalts by a little heat may entirely be driven away in the air. But in general, ſolids are more *fixed* than fluids; and therefore when a ſolid is diſſolved in a fluid, it may commonly be recovered again by evaporation. By this operation common

ſalt is got from ſea-water and ſalt ſprings, both artificially, and in hot countries by the natural heat of the ſun. When the water is no more than is juſt ſufficient to diſſolve the ſalt, it is called a *ſaturated ſolution*; and on evaporating the water further, the ſalt begins to ſeparate, forming little regular maſſes called *cryſtals*. Sugar may be made in like manner to form cryſtals, and then it is ſugar-candy.

Pup. But what is a ſyrup?

Tut. That is, when ſo much ſugar is diſſolved as ſenſibly to thicken the liquor, but not to ſeparate from it. Well, now to your queſtion about tea. On expoſing it to conſiderable heat, thoſe fine particles in which its flavour conſiſts, being as *volatile* or evaporable as the water, would fly off along with it; and when the liquor came to dryneſs, there would only be left thoſe particles in which its roughneſs and colour conſiſt. This would make what is called an *extract* of a plant.

Pup. What becomes of the water that evaporates?

Tut. It aſcends into the air, and unites with it. But if in its way it be ſtopped by any cold body, it is *condenſed*, that is, it returns to the ſtate of water again. Lift up the lid of the tea-pot, and you will ſee water collected on the inſide of it, which is condenſed ſteam from the hot tea beneath. Hold a ſpoon or knife in the way of the ſteam which burſts out from the ſpout of the tea-kettle, and you will find it immediately covered with drops. This operation of turning a fluid into vapour, and then condenſing it, is called *diſtillation*. For this purpoſe, the veſſel in which the liquor is heated is cloſely covered with another called the head, into which the ſteam riſes, and is condenſed. It is then drawn off by means of a pipe into another veſſel called the receiver. In this way all ſweet ſcented and aromatic liquors are drawn from

fragrant vegetables, by means of water of ſpirits. The fragrant part, being very volatile, riſes along with the ſteam of the water or ſpirit, and remains united with it after it is condenſed. Roſe-water and ſpirit of lavender are liquors of this kind.

Pup. Then the water collected on the inſide of the tea-pot lid ſhould have the fragrance of the tea?

Tut. It ſhould; but unleſs the tea were fine, you could ſcarcely perceive it.

Pup. I think I have heard of making ſalt-water freſh by diſtilling.

Tut. Yes. That is an old diſcovery lately revived. The ſalt in ſea-water, being of a fixed nature, does not riſe with the ſteam; and therefore, on condenſing the ſteam, the water is found to be freſh. And this indeed is the method nature employs in raiſing water by exhalation from the ocean; which, collecting into clouds, is condenſed in

the cold regions of the air, and falls down in rain.

But our tea is done; ſo we will now put an end to our chemical lecture.

Pup. But is this real chemiſtry?

Tut. Yes, it is.

Pup. Why, I underſtand it all without any difficulty.

Tut. I intended you ſhould

THE KIDNAPPERS.

Mr. B. was accuſtomed to read in the evening to his young folks ſome ſelect ſtory, and then aſk them in turn what they thought of it. From the reflections they made on theſe occaſions, he was enabled to form a judgment of their diſpoſitions, and was led to throw in remarks of his own, by which their hearts and underſtanding might be improved. One night he read the following narrative from *Churchill's Voyages.*

"In ſome voyages of diſcovery made

from Denmark to Greenland, the ſailors were inſtructed to ſeize ſome of the natives by force or ſtratagem, and bring them away. In conſequence of theſe orders, ſeveral Greenlanders were kidnapped and brought to Denmark. Though they were treated there with kindneſs, the poor wretches were always melancholy, and were obſerved frequently to turn their faces towards the north, and ſigh bitterly. They made ſeveral attempts to eſcape, by putting out to ſea in their little canoes which had been brought with them. One of them had got as far as thirty leagues from land before he was overtaken. It was remarked, that this poor man, whenever he met a woman with a child in her arms, uſed to utter a deep ſigh; whence it was conjectured that he had left a wife and child behind him. They all pined away one after another, and died miſerably."

Now, *Edward* (ſaid he), what is your opinion of this ſtory?

Edward. Poor creatures! I think it was very barbarous to take them from home.

Mr. B. It was, indeed!

Ed. Have civilized nations any *right* to behave ſo to ſavages?

Mr. B. I think you may readily anſwer that queſtion yourſelf. Suppoſe you were a ſavage; what would be your opinion?

Ed. I dare ſay I ſhould think it very wrong. But can ſavages think about right and wrong as we do?

Mr. B. Why not! are they not *men?*

Ed. Yes—but not like civilized men, ſure!

Mr. B. I know no important difference between ourſelves and thoſe people we are pleaſed to call ſavage, but in the degree of knowledge and virtue poſſeſſed by each. And I believe many individuals among the Greenlanders, as well as other unpoliſhed people, exceed in theſe reſpects many among us. In the preſent

caſe, I am ſure the Daniſh ſailors ſhowed themſelves the greater ſavages.

Ed. But what did they take away the Greenlanders for ?

Mr. B. The pretence was, that they might be brought to be inſtructed in a Chriſtian country, and then ſent back to civilize their countrymen.

Ed. And was not that a good thing ?

Mr. B. Certainly ; if it were done by proper means ; but to attempt it by an act of violence and injuſtice could not be right ; for they could teach them nothing ſo good, as their example was bad ; and the poor people were not likely to learn willingly from thoſe who had begun with injuring them ſo cruelly.

Ed. I remember Capt. Cook brought over ſomebody from Otaheite ; and poor Lee Boo was brought here from the Pelew Iſlands. But I believe they both came of their own accord.

Mr. B. They did. And it is a great proof of the better way of thinking of

modern voyagers than of former ones, that they do not conſider it as juſtifiable to uſe violence even for the ſuppoſed benefit of the people they viſit.

Ed. I have read of taking poſſeſſion of a newly diſcovered country by ſetting up the king's ſtandard, or ſome ſuch ceremony, though it was full of inhabitants.

Mr. B. Such was formerly the cuſtom; and a more impudent mockery of all right and juſtice cannot be conceived. Yet this, I am ſorry to ſay, is the title by which European nations claim the greateſt part of their foreign ſettlements.

Ed. And might not the natives drive them out again, if they were able?

Mr. B. I am ſure I do not know why they might not; *for force can never give right.*

Now *Harry*, tell me what *you* think of the ſtory.

Harry. I think it very ſtrange that people ſhould want to go back to ſuch a cold diſmal place as Greenland.

Mr. B. Why, what country do you love beſt in all the world ?

H. England, to be ſure !

Mr. B. But England is by no means the warmeſt and fineſt country. Here are no grapes growing in the fields, nor oranges in the woods and hedges, as there are in more ſouthern climates.

H. I ſhould like them very well, to be ſure ; but then England is my own native country, where you and mamma and all my friends live. Beſides, it is a very pleaſant country, too.

Mr. B. As to your firſt reaſon, you muſt be ſenſible that the Greenlander can ſay juſt the ſame ; and the poor fellow who left a wife and children behind muſt have had the ſtrongeſt of all ties to make him wiſh to return. Do you think I ſhould be eaſy to be ſeparated from all of you ?

H. No ; and I am ſure we ſhould not be eaſy neither.

Mr. B. Home, my dear, wherever it

be, is the ſpot towards which a good heart is the moſt ſtrongly drawn. Then, as for the pleaſantneſs of a place, that all depends upon habit. The Greenlander, being accuſtomed to the way of living, and all the objects, of his own country, could not reliſh any other ſo well. He loved whale-fat and ſeal as well as you can do pudding and beef. He thought rowing his little boat amid the boiſterous waves, pleaſanter employment than driving a plow or a cart. He fenced againſt the winter's cold by the warm clothing; and the long night of many weeks, which you would think ſo gloomy, was to him a ſeaſon of eaſe and feſtivity in his habitation under ground. It is a very kind and wiſe diſpenſation of Providence, that every part of the world is rendered the moſt agreeable to thoſe who live in it.

Now, little *Mary*, what have you to ſay?

Mary. I have only to ſay, that if they

were to offer to carry me away from home, I would ſcratch their eyes out !

Mr. B. Well ſaid, my girl ! ſtand up for yourſelf. Let nobody run away with you—*againſt your will.*

Mary. That I won't.

NINTH EVENING.

THE FARM-YARD JOURNAL.

DEAR TOM,

Since we parted at the breaking-up, I have been for moſt of the time at a pleaſant farm in Hertfordſhire, where I have employed myſelf in rambling about the country, and aſſiſting, as well as I could, in the work going on at home and in the fields. On wet days, and in the evenings, I have amuſed myſelf with keeping a journal of all the great events that have happened among us; and hoping that when you are tired of the buſtle of your buſy town, you may receive ſome entertainment from comparing our tranſactions with yours, I have copied out for your peruſal one of the days in my memorandum-book.

Pray let me know in return what you are doing, and believe me,

Your affectionate friend,

RICHARD MARKWELL.

Hazle-Farm.

JOURNAL.

June 10*th*. Laſt night we had a dreadful alarm. A violent ſcream was heard from the hen-rooſt; the geeſe all ſet up a cackle, and the dogs barked. Ned, the boy who lies over the ſtable, jumped up and ran into the yard, when he obſerved a fox gallopping away with a chicken in his mouth, and the dogs in full chace after him. They could not overtake him, and ſoon returned. Upon further examination, the large white cock was found lying on the ground all bloody, with his comb torn almoſt off, and his feathers all ruffled; and the ſpeckled hen and three chickens lay dead beſide him. The cock recovered, but appeared terribly frightened. It ſeems that the fox

had jumped over the garden hedge, and then croſſing part of the yard behind the ſtraw, had crept into the hen-rooſt through a broken pale. John the carpenter was ſent for, to make all faſt, and prevent the like miſchief again.

Early this morning the brindled cow was delivered of a fine bull-calf. Both are likely to do well. The calf is to be fattened for the butcher.

The duck-eggs that were ſitten upon by the old black hen were hatched this day, and the ducklings all directly ran into the pond, to the great terror of the hen, who went round and round, clucking with all her might in order to call them out, but they did not regard her. An old drake took the little ones under his care, and they ſwam about very merrily.

As Dolly this morning was milking the new cow that was bought at the fair, ſhe kicked with her hind-legs, and threw down the milk-pail, at the ſame time

knocking Dolly off her ſtool into the dirt. For this offence the cow was ſentenced to have her head faſtened to the rack, and her legs tied together.

A kite was obſerved to hover a long while over the yard with an intention of carrying off ſome of the young chickens; but the hens called their broods together under their wings, and the cocks put themſelves in order of battle, ſo that the kite was diſappointed. At length, one chicken, not minding its mother, but ſtraggling heedleſsly to a diſtance, was deſcried by the kite, who made a ſuciden ſwoop, and ſeized it in his talons. The chicken cried out, and the cocks and hens all ſcreamed; when Ralph the farmer's ſon, who ſaw the attack, ſnatched up a loaded gun, and juſt as the kite was flying off with his prey, fired and brought him dead to the ground, along with the poor chicken, who was killed in the fall. The dead body of the kite

was nailed up againſt the wall, by way of warning to his wicked comrades.

In the forenoon we were alarmed with ſtrange noiſes approaching us, and looking out we ſaw a number of people with frying pans, warming pans, tongs, and pokers, beating, ringing, and making all poſſible din. We ſoon diſcovered them to be our neighbours of the next farm, in purſuit of a ſwarm of bees which was hovering in the air over their heads. The bees at length alighted on the tall pear tree in our orchard, and hung in a bunch from one of the boughs. A ladder was got, and a man aſcending with gloves on his hands and an apron tied over his head ſwept them into a hive which was rubbed on the inſide with honey and ſweet herbs. But as he was deſcending, ſome bees which had got under his gloves ſtung him in ſuch a manner, that he haſtily threw down the hive, upon which the greater part of the bees fell out, and began in a rage to fly among the crowd,

and ſting all whom they lit upon. Away ſcampered the people, the women ſhrieking, the children roaring; and poor Adam, who had held the hive, was aſſailed ſo furiouſly, that he was obliged to throw himſelf on the ground, and creep under the gooſeberry buſhes. At length the bees began to return to the hive, in which the queen bee had remained, and after a while, all being quietly ſettled, a cloth was thrown over it, and the ſwarm was carried home.

About noon, three pigs broke into the garden, where they were rioting upon the carrots and turnips, and doing a great deal of miſchief by trampling the beds, and rooting up the plants with their ſnouts; when they were ſpied by old Towzer the maſtiff, who ran among them, and laying hold of their long ears with his teeth, made them ſqueel moſt diſmal-

ly, and get out of the garden as faſt as they could.

Roger the ploughman, when he came for his dinner, brought word that he had diſcovered a partridge's neſt with ſixteen eggs in the home field. Upon which the farmer went out and broke them all; ſaying, that he did not chooſe to rear birds upon his corn which he was not allowed to catch, but muſt leave to ſome qualified ſportſman, who would beſides break down his fences in the purſuit.

A ſheep-waſhing was held this day at the mill-pool, when 7 ſcore were well waſhed, and then penned in the high meadow to dry. Many of them made great reſiſtance at being thrown into the water; and the old ram, being dragged to the brink by a boy at each horn, and a third puſhing behind, by a ſudden ſpring threw two

of them into the water, to the great diverſion of the ſpectators.

Towards the duſk of the evening, the 'Squire's mongrel greyhound, which had been long ſuſpectedof worrying ſheep, was caught in the fact. He had killed two lambs, and was making a hearty meal upon one of them, when he was diſturbed by the approach of the ſhepherd's boy, and directly leaped the hedge, and made off. The dead bodies were taken to the 'Squire's, with an indictment of wilful murder againſt the dog. But when they came to look for the culprit, he was not to be found in any part of the premiſes, and is ſuppoſed to have fled his country through conſciouſneſs of his heinous offence.

Joſeph, who ſleeps in the garret at the old end of the houſe, after having been ſome time in bed, came down ſtairs in his ſhirt, as pale as aſhes, & frightened

the maids, who were going up. It was ſome time before he could tell what was the matter; at length he ſaid he had heard ſome dreadful noiſes over head, which he was ſure muſt be made by ſome ghoſt or evil ſpirit; nay, he thought he had ſeen ſomething moving, though he owned he durſt hardly lift up his eyes. He concluded with declaring, that he would rather ſit up all night in the kitchen than go to his room again. The maids were almoſt as much alarmed as he, and did not know what to do; but the maſter, overhearing their talk, came out, and inſiſted on their accompanying him to the ſpot, in order to ſearch into the affair. They all went into the garret, and for a while heard nothing; when the maſter ordered the candle to be taken away, and every one to keep quite ſtill. Joſeph and the maids ſtuck cloſe to each other, and trembled every limb. At length a

kind of groaning or ſnoring began to be heard, which grew louder and louder, with intervals of a ſtrange ſort of hiſſing. "That's it!" whiſpered Joſeph, drawing back towards the door: the maids were ready to ſink; and even the farmer himſelf was a little diſconcerted. The noiſe ſeemed to come from the rafters near the thatch. In a while a glimpſe of moon-light, ſhining through a hole at the place, plainly diſcovered the ſhadow of ſomething ſtirring; and on looking intently, ſomewhat like feathers were perceived. The farmer now began to ſuſpect what the caſe was; and ordering up a ſhort ladder, bid Joſeph climb to the ſpot, and and thruſt his hand into the hole. This he did rather unwillingly, and ſoon drew it back, crying loudly that he was bit. However, gathering courage, he put it in again, and pulled out a large white owl, another at the

ſame time being heard to fly away. The cauſe of the alarm was now made clear enough; and poor Joſeph, after being heartily jeered by the maids, though they had been as much frightened as he, ſneaked into bed again, and the houſe ſoon became quiet.

ON MANUFACTURES.

Father.—Henry.

Hen. My dear father, you obſerved the other day that we had a great many *Manufactures* in England. Pray what is a Manufacture?

Fa. A Manufacture is ſomething made by the hand of man. It is derived from two Latin words, *manus*, the hand, and *facere*, to make. Manufactures are therefore oppoſed to *productions*, which latter are what the bounty of nature ſpontaneouſly affords us; as fruits, corn, marble.

Hen. But there is a great deal of trouble with corn: you have often made me take notice how much pains it coſts the farmer to plough his ground, and put the ſeed in the earth, and keep it clear from weeds.

Fa. Very true; but the farmer does not *make* the corn; he only prepares for it a proper ſoil and ſituation, and removes every hindrance ariſing from the hardneſs of the ground, or the neighbourhood of other plants, which might obſtruct the ſecret and wonderful proceſs of vegetation; but with the vegetation itſelf he has nothing to do. It is not *his* hand that draws out the the ſlender fibres of the root, puſhes up the green ſtalk, and by degrees the ſpiky ear; ſwells the grain, and embrowns it with that rich tinge of tawny ruſſet, which informs the huſbandman it is time to put in his ſickle: all this

operation is performed without his care or even knowledge.

Hen. Now then I underſtand; corn is a *Production*, and bread a *Manufacture*.

Fa. Bread is certainly, in ſtrictneſs of ſpeech, a Manufacture; but we do not in general apply the term to any thing in which the original material is ſo little changed. If we wanted to ſpeak of bread philoſophically, we ſhould ſay, it is a *preparation* of corn.

Hen. Is ſugar a Manufacture?

Fa. No, for the ſame reaſon. Beſides which, I do not recollect the term being applied to any article of food; I ſuppoſe from an idea that food is of too periſhable a nature, and generally obtained by a proceſs too ſimple to deſerve the name. We ſay, therefore, ſugar-works, oil mills, chocolate-works; we do not ſay a beer-manufactory, but a brewery; but this

is only a nicety of language, for properly all thoſe are manufactories if there is much of art and curioſity in the proceſs.

Hen. Do we ſay a manufactory of *pictures?*

Fa. No; but for a different reaſon. A picture, eſpecially if it belong to any of the higher kinds of painting, is an effort of genius. A picture cannot be produced by any given combinations of canvas and colour. It is the hand, indeed, that executes, but the head that works. Sir Joſhua Reynolds could not have gone, when he was engaged to paint a picture, and hired workmen, the one to draw the eyes, another the noſe, a third the mouth; the whole muſt be the painter's own, that particular painter's, and no other; and no one who has not his ideas can do his work. His work is therefore nobler, of a higher ſpecies.

Hen. Pray give me an inſtance of a manufacture.

Fa. The making of watches is a manufacture: the ſilver, iron, gold, or whatever elſe is uſed in it, are productions, the material of the work; but it is by the wonderful art of man that they are wrought into the numberleſs wheels and ſprings of which this complicated machine is compoſed.

Hen. Then is there not as much art in making a watch as a picture? Does not the head work?

Fa. Certainly, in the original invention of watches, as much or more, than in painting; but when once invented, the art of watch-making is capable of being reduced to a mere mechanical labour, which may be exerciſed by any man of common capacity, according to certain preciſe rules, when made familiar to

him by practice. This, painting is not.

Hen. But, my dear father, making of books ſurely requires a great deal of thinking and ſtudy; and yet I remember the other day at dinner a gentleman ſaid that Mr. Pica had *manufactured* a large volume in leſs than a fortnight.

Fa. It was meant to convey a ſatirical remark on his books, becauſe it was compiled from other authors, from whom he had taken a page in one place, and a page in another; ſo that it was not produced by the labour of his brain, but of his hands. Thus you, heard your mother complain that the London cream was *manufactured*; which was a pointed and conciſe way of ſaying that the cream was not what it ought to be, nor what it pretended to be; for cream, when genuine, is a pure production; but when mixed up and

adulterated with flour and iſinglaſs, and I know not what, it becomes a manufacture. It was as much as to ſay, art has been here, where it has no buſineſs; where it is not beneficial, but hurtful. A great deal of the delicacy of language depends upon an accurate knowledge of the ſpecific meaning of ſingle terms, and a nice attention to their relative propriety.

Hen. Have all nations manufactures?

Fa. All that are in any degree cultivated; but it very often happens that countries naturally the pooreſt have manufactures of the greateſt extent and variety.

Hen. Why ſo?

Fa. For the ſame reaſon, I apprehend, that individuals, who are rich without any labour of their own, are ſeldom ſo induſtrious and active as thoſe who depend upon their own

exertions : thus the Spaniards, who poſſeſs the richeſt gold and ſilver mines in the world, are in want of many conveniences of life which are enjoyed in London and Amſterdam.

Hen. I can comprehend that ; I believe if my uncle Ledger were to find a gold mine under his warehouſe, he would ſoon ſhut up his ſhop.

Fa. I believe ſo. It is not, however, eaſy to eſtabliſh Manufactures in a *very poor* nation : they require ſcience and genius for their invention; art and contrivance for their execution ; order, peace and union, for their flouriſhing : they require a number of men to combine together in an undertaking, and to proſecute it with the moſt patient induſtry ; they require, therefore, laws and government for their protection. If you ſee extenſive Manfuactures in any nation, you may be ſure it is a civilized nation; you may be ſure pro-

perty is accurately ascertained and protected. They require great expenses for their first establishment, costly machines for shortening manual labour, and money and credit for purchasing materials from distant countries. There is not a single Manufacture of Great Britain which does not require, in some part or other of its process, productions from the different parts of the globe; oils, drugs, varnish, quicksilver, and the like; it requires therefore *ships*, and a friendly intercourse with foreign nations, to transport commodities, and exchange productions. We could not be a manufacturing, unless we were also a commercial, nation. They require time to take root in any place, and their excellence often depends upon some nice and delicate circumstance; a peculiar quality, for instance, in the air, or the water; or some other local circumstance not

not eaſily aſcertained. Thus, I have heard that the Iriſh women ſpin better than the Engliſh, becauſe the moiſter temperature of their climate makes their ſkin more ſoft, and their fingers more flexible : thus again we cannot dye ſo beautiful a ſcarlet as the French can, though with the ſame drugs, perhaps on account of the ſuperior purity of their air. But tho' ſo much is neceſſary for the perfection of the more curious and complicated Manufactures, all nations poſſeſs thoſe which are ſubſervient to the common conveniences of life : the loom and the forge, particularly, are of the higheſt antiquity.

Hen. Yes ; I remember Hector bids Andromache return to her apartment, and employ herſelf in weaving with her maids ; and I remember the ſhield of Achilles.

Fa. True ; and you likewiſe remember, in an earlier period, the fine

linen of Egypt; and to go ſtill higher, the working in braſs and iron is recorded of Tubal Cain before the flood.

Hen. Which is the moſt important, Manufactures or Agriculture?

Fa. Agriculture is the moſt *neceſſary*, becauſe it is firſt of all neceſſary that man ſhould live; but almoſt all the enjoyments and comforts of life are produced by Manufactures.

Hen. Why are we obliged to take ſo much pains to make ourſelves comfortable?

Fa. To exerciſe our induſtry. Nature provides the materials for man. She pours out at his feet a profuſion of gems, metals, dyes, plants, ores, barks, ſtones, gums, wax, marbles, woods, roots, ſkins, earths, and minerals of all kinds! She has likewiſe given him tools.

Hen. I did not know that nature gave us tools.

Fa. No! What are thoſe two inſtruments you carry always about with you, ſo ſtrong and yet ſo flexible, ſo nicely jointed, and branched into five long, taper, unequal diviſions, any of which may be contracted or ſtretched out at pleaſure; the extremities of which have a feeling ſo wonderfully delicate, and which are ſtrengthened and defended by horn?

Hen. The hands.

Fa. Yes. Man is as much ſuperior to the brutes in his outward form, by means of the hand, as he is in his mind, by the gift of reaſon. The trunk of the elephant comes perhaps the neareſt to it in its exquiſite feeling and flexibility (it is, indeed, called his hand in Latin), and accordingly that animal has always been reckoned the wiſeſt of brutes. When Nature gave man the hand, ſhe ſaid to him, "Exerciſe your ingenuity, and

work." As ſoon as man riſes above the ſtate of a ſavage, he begins to contrive and to make things, in order to improve his forlorn condition; thus you may remember Thomſon repreſents Induſtry coming to the poor ſhivering wretch, and teaching him the arts of life:

Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the ſtone,
Till by degrees the finiſh'd fabric roſe;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly veſtment warm,
Or bright in gloſſy ſilk and flowing lawn.

Hen. It muſt require a great deal of knowledge, I ſuppoſe, for ſo many curious works: What kind of knowledge is moſt neceſſary?

Fa. There is not any which may not be occaſionally employed; but the two ſciences which moſt aſſiſt the manufacturer are *mechanics* and *chemiſtry*. The one for building mills, working of mines, and in general for conſtructing wheels, wedges, pullies, &c. either to ſhorten the labour of man, by performing it in leſs time,

or to perform what the ſtrength of man alone could not accompliſh :--- the other in fuſing and working ores, in dying and bleaching, and extracting the virtues of various ſubſtances for particular uſes : making of ſoap, for inſtance, is a chemical operation ; and by chemiſtry an ingenious gentleman has lately found out a way of bleaching a piece of cloth in eight and forty hours, which by the common proceſs would have taken up a great many weeks.---You have heard of Sir Richard Arkwright, who died lately---

Hen. Yes, I have heard he was at firſt only a barber, and ſhaved people for a penny a-piece.

Fa. He did ſo ; but having a ſtrong turn for mechanics, he invented, or at leaſt perfected, a machine, by which one pair of hands may do the work of twenty or thirty ; and, as in this country every one is free

to rise by merit, he acquired the largest fortune in the county, had a great many hundreds of workmen under his orders, and had leave given him by the King to put *Sir* before his name.

Hen. Did that do him any good?

Fa. It pleased him, I suppose, or he would not have accepted of it; and you will allow, I imagine, that if titles are used, it does honour to those who bestow them, that they are given to such as have made themselves noticed for something useful.—Arkwright used to say, that if he had time to perfect his inventions, he would put a fleece of wool into a box, and it should come out broad cloth.

Hen. What did he mean by that; was there any fairy in the box to turn it into broad cloth with her wand?

Fa. He was assisted by the only

fairies that ever had the power of transformation, Art and Induſtry: he meant that he would contrive ſo many machines, wheel within wheel, that the combing, carding, and other various operations, ſhould be performed by mechaniſm, almoſt without the hand of man.

Hen. I think, if I had not been told, I ſhould never have been able to gueſs that my coat came off the back of the ſheep.

Fa. You hardly would; but there are Mannfactures in which the material is much more changed than in woolen cloth. What can be meaner in appearance than ſand and aſhes? Would you imagine any thing beautiful could be made out of ſuch a mixture? Yet the furnace tranſforms this into that tranſparent chryſtal we call *glaſs*, than which nothing is more ſparkling, more brilliant, more full of luſtre. It throws

about the rays of light as if it had life and motion.

Hen. There is a glaſs-ſhop in London, which always puts me in mind of Aladdin's palace.

Fa. It is certain that if a perſon ignorant of the Manufacture were to ſee one of our capital ſhops, he would think all the treaſures of Golconda were centred there, and that every drop of cut glaſs was worth a prince's ranſom.—Again, who would ſuppoſe, on ſeeing the green ſtalks of a plant, that it could be formed into a texture ſo ſmooth, ſo ſnowy white, ſo firm, and yet ſo flexible as to wrap round the limbs, and adapt itſelf to every movement of the body? Who would gueſs this fibrous ſtalk could be made to float in ſuch light undulating folds as in our lawns and cambrics? not leſs fine, we preſume, than that tranſparent drapery which

the Romans called *ventus textilis*, *woven wind.*

Hen. I wonder how any body can ſpin ſuch fine thread.

Fa. Their fingers muſt have the touch of a ſpider, that, as Pope ſays,

" Feels at each thread, and lives along the line;"

and indeed you recollect that Arachne *was* a ſpinſter. Lace is a ſtill finer production from flax, and is one of thoſe in which the original material is moſt improved. How many times the price of a pound of flax do you think that flax will be worth when made into lace?

Hen. A great many times, I ſuppoſe.

Fa. Flax at the beſt hand is bought at fourteen pence a pound. They make lace at Valenciennes, in French Flanders, of ten guineas a yard, I believe indeed higher, but we will ſay ten guineas; this yard of lace will weigh probably not more than

half an ounce: what is the value of half an ounce of flax? reckon it.

Hen. It comes to one farthing and three quarters of a farthing.

Fa. Right; now tell me how many times the original value the lace is worth.

Hen. Prodigious! it is worth 5760 times as much as the flax it is made of.

Fa. Yet there is another material that is ſtill more improvable than flax.

Hen. What can that be?

Fa. Iron. The price of pig-iron is ten ſhillings a hundred weight; this is not quite one farthing for two ounces: now you have ſeen ſome of the beautiful cut ſteel that looks like diamonds.

Hen. Yes, I have ſeen buckles, and pins, and watch-chains.

Fa. Then you can form an idea of it; but you have ſeen only the

moſt common ſorts. There was a chain made at Woodſtock, in Oxfordſhire, and ſent to France, which weighed only two ounces, and coſt 170l. Calculate how many times *that* had increaſed its value.

Hen. Amazing! it was worth 163,600 times the value of the iron it was made of.

Fa. That is what manufactures can do; here man is a kind of a creator, and, like the great Creator, he may pleaſe himſelf with his work, and ſay it is good. In the laſt mentioned Manufacture, too, that of ſteel, the Engliſh have the honour of excelling all the world.

Hen. What are the chief Manufactures of England?

Fa. We have at preſent a greater variety than I can pretend to enumerate, but our ſtaple Manufacture is woollen cloth. England abounds in fine paſtures and extenſive downs,

which feed great numbers of ſheep; hence our wool has always been a valuable article of trade; but we did not always know how to work it. We uſed to ſell it to the Flemiſh or Lombards, who wrought it into cloth; till in the year 1326 Edward the Third invited ſome Flemiſh weavers over to teach us the art; but there was not much made in England till the reign of Henry the Seventh. Manchester and Birmingham are towns which have ariſen to great conſequence from ſmall beginnings, almoſt within the memory of old men now living; the firſt for cotton and muſlin goods, the ſecond for cutlery and hardware, in which we at this moment excel all Europe. Of late years, too, carpets, beautiful as fine tapeſtry, have been fabricated in this country. Our clocks and watches are greatly eſteemed. The earthern-ware plates and diſhes,

which we all uſe in common, and the elegant ſet for the tea-table, ornamented with muſical inſtruments, which we admired in our viſit yeſterday, belong to a very extenſive manufactory, the ſeat of which is at Burſlem in Staffordſhire. The principal potteries there belong to one perſon, an excellent chymiſt, and a man of great taſte; he, in conjunction with another man of taſte who is ſince dead, has made our clay more valuable than the fineſt porcelain of China. He has moulded it into all the forms of grace and beauty that are to be met with in the precious remains of the Greek and Etruſcan artiſts. In the more common articles he has penciled it with the moſt elegant deſigns, ſhaped it into ſhells and leaves, twiſted it into wicker work, and trailed the ductile foliage round the light baſket. He has filled our cabinets and

chimney pieces with urns, lamps and vaſes, on which are lightly traced, with the pureſt ſimplicity, the fine forms and floating draperies of Herculaneum. In ſhort, he has given to our houſes a claſſic air, and has made every ſaloon and every dining room ſchools of taſte. I ſhould add that there is a great demand abroad for this elegant Manufacture. The Empreſs of Ruſſia has had ſome magnificent ſervices of it; and the other day one was ſent to the King of Spain, intended as a preſent from him to the Archbiſhop of Toledo, which coſt a thouſand pounds. Some morning you ſhall go through the rooms in the London Warehouſe.

Hen. I ſhould like very much to ſee Manufactures, now you have told me ſuch curious things about them.

Fa. You will do well! there is much more entertainment to a cul-

tivated mind in ſeeing a pin made, than in many a faſhionable diverſion which young people half ruin themſelves to attend. In the mean time I will give you ſome account of one of the moſt elegant of them, which is *paper*.

Hen. Pray do, my dear father.

Fa. It ſhall be left for another evening, however, for it is now late. Good night.

TENTH EVENING.

THE FLYING FISH.

THE Flying Fiſh, ſays the fable, had originally no wings; but being of an ambitious and diſcontented temper, ſhe repined at being always confined to the waters, and wiſhed to ſoar in the air. "If I could fly like the birds," ſaid ſhe, "I ſhould not only ſee more of the beauties of

nature, but I ſhould be able to eſcape from thoſe fiſh which are continually purſuing me, and which render my life miſerable." She therefore petitioned Jupiter for a pair of wings: and immediately ſhe perceived her fins to expand. They ſuddenly grew to the length of her whole body, and became at the ſame time ſo ſtrong as to do the office of a pinion. She was at firſt much pleaſed with her new powers, and looked with an air of diſdain on all her former companions; but ſhe ſoon perceived herſelf expoſed to new dangers. When flying in the air, ſhe was inceſſantly purſued by the tropic bird and the albatroſs, and when for ſafety ſhe dropped into the water, ſhe was ſo fatigued with her flight, that ſhe was leſs able than ever to eſcape from her old enemies the fiſh. Finding herſelf more unhappy than before, ſhe now begged of Ju-

piter to recal his preſent ; but Jupiter ſaid to her, " When I gave you your wings, I well knew they would prove a curſe ; but your proud and reſtleſs diſpoſition deſerved this diſappointment. Now, therefore, what you begged as a favour, keep as a puniſhment !"

A LESSON IN

THE ART OF DISTINGUISHING.

F. COME hither, Charles ; what is that you ſee grazing in the meadow before you ?

C. It is a horſe.

F. Whoſe horſe is it ?

C. I dont know, I never ſaw it before.

F. How do you know it is a horſe, if you never ſaw it before ?

C. Becauſe it is like other horſes.

F. Are all horſes alike, then ?

C. Yes.

F. If they are all alike, how do you know one horſe from another ?

C. They are not quite alike.

F. But they are ſo much alike that you can eaſily diſtinguiſh a horſe from a cow ?

C. Yes, indeed.

F. Or from a cabbage ?

C. A horſe from a cabbage ! yes, ſurely I can.

F. Very well ; then let us ſee if you can tell how a horſe differs from a cabbage ?

C. Very eaſily ; a horſe is alive.

F. True ; and how is every thing called which is alive ?

C. I believe all things that are alive are called *animals*.

F. Right ; but can you tell me what a horſe and a cabbage are alike in ?

C. Nothing, I believe.

F. Yes, there is one thing in which the ſlendereſt moſs that grows

upon the wall is like the greateſt man, or the higheſt angel.

C. Becauſe God made them.

F. Yes; and how do you call every thing that is made?

C. A creature.

F. A horſe then is a creature, but a living creature; that is to ſay, an animal.

C. And a cabbage is a dead creature; that is the difference.

F. not ſo, neither; nothing is dead that has never been alive.

C. What muſt I call it then, if it is neither dead nor alive?

F. An inanimate creature; there is the animate and the inanimate creation. Plants, ſtones, metals, are of the latter claſs; horſes belong to the former.

C. But the gardener told me ſome of my cabbages *were* dead, and ſome were alive.

F. Very true. Plants have a *ve-*

getative life, a principle of growth and decay; this is common to them with all organized bodies; but they have not ſenſation, at leaſt we do not know they have—they have not *life*, therefore, in the ſenſe in which animals enjoy it.

C. A horſe is called an animal, then.

F. Yes; but a ſalmon is an animal, and ſo is a ſparrow; how will you diſtinguiſh a horſe from theſe?

C. A ſalmon lives in the water, and ſwims; a ſparrow flies, and lives in the air.

F. I think a ſalmon could not walk upon the ground, even if it could live out of the water.

C. No, indeed; it has no legs.

F. And a bird would not gallop like a horſe.

C. No; it would hop away upon its two ſlender legs.

F. How many legs has a horſe?

C. Four.

F. And an ox?

C. Four likewiſe.

F. And a camel?

C. Four ſtill.

F. Do you know any animals which live upon the earth that have not four legs?

C. I think not; they have all four legs; except worms and inſects, and ſuch things.

F. You remember, I ſuppoſe, what an animal is called that has four legs; you have it in your little books.

C. A quadruped.

F. A horſe then is a *quadruped*: by this we diſtinguiſh him from birds, fiſhes and inſects.

C. And from men.

F. True; but if you had been talking about birds, you would not have found it ſo eaſy to diſtinguiſh them.

C. How ſo! a man is not at all like a bird.

F. Yet an ancient philoſopher could find no way to diſtinguiſh them, but by

calling man *a two-legged animal without feathers.*

C. I think he was very ſilly; they are not at all alike, though they have both two legs.

F. Another ancient philoſopher, called Diogenes, was of your opinion. He ſtript a cock of his feathers, and turned him into the ſchool where Plato (that was his name) was teaching, and ſaid, Here is Plato's man for you.

C. I wiſh I had been there, I ſhould have laughed very much.

F. Probably. Before we laugh at others, however, let us ſee what we can do ourſelves. We have not yet found any thing which will diſtinguiſh a horſe from an elephant, or from a Norway rat.

C. O, that is eaſy enough. An elephant is very large, and a rat is very ſmall; a horſe is neither large nor ſmall.

F. Before we go any further, look what is ſettled on the ſkirt of your coat.

C. It is a butterfly; what a prodigious large one! I never ſaw ſuch a one before.

F. Is it larger than a rat, think you?

C. No, that it is not.

F. Yet you called the butterfly large, and you called the rat ſmall.

C. It is very large for a butterfly.

F. It is ſo. You ſee, therefore, that large and ſmall are *relative terms*.

C. I do not well underſtand that phraſe.

F. It means that they have no preciſe and determinate ſignification in themſelves, but are applied differently according to the other ideas which you join with them, and the different poſitions in which you view them. This butterfly therefore is *large*, compared with thoſe of its own ſpecies, and *ſmall*, compared with many other ſpecies of animals. Beſides, there is no circumſtance which varies more than the ſize of individuals. If you were to give an idea of a horſe

from its ſize, you would certainly ſay it was much bigger than a dog; yet if you take the ſmalleſt Shetland horſe, and the largeſt Iriſh greyhound, you will find them very much upon a par: ſize, therefore, is not a circumſtance by which you can accurately diſtinguiſh one animal from another; nor yet his colour.

C. No; there are black horſes, and bay, and white, and pied.

F. But you have not ſeen that variety of colours in a hare, for inſtance.

C. No; a hare is always brown.

F. Yet if you were to depend upon that circumſtance, you would not convey the idea of a hare to a mountaineer, or an inhabitant of Siberia; for he ſees them white as ſnow. We muſt, therefore, find out ſome circumſtances that do not change like ſize and colour, and I may add ſhape, though they are not ſo obvious, nor perhaps ſo ſtriking. Look at the feet of quadrupeds; are they all alike?

C. No; ſome have long taper claws, and ſome have thick clumſy feet without claws.

F. The thick feet are horny; are they not?

C. Yes, I recollect they are called hoofs.

F. And the feet that are not covered with horn, and are divided into claws, are called *digitated*, from *digitus*, a finger; becauſe they are parted like fingers. Here, then, we have one grand diviſion of quadrupeds into *hoofed* and *digitated*. Of which diviſion is the horſe?

C. He is hoofed.

F. There are a great many different kinds of horſes; did you ever know one that was not hoofed?

C. No, never.

F. Do you think we run any hazard of a ſtranger telling us, Sir, horſes are hoofed indeed in your country, but in mine, which is in a different climate,

and where we feed them differently, they have claws?

C. No, I dare say not.

F. Then we have got something to our purpose; a circumstance easily marked, which always belongs to the animal, under every variation of situation or treatment. But an ox is hoofed, and so is a sheep; we must distinguish still farther. You have often stood by, I suppose, while the smith was shoeing a horse. What kind of a hoof has he?

C. It is round, and all in one piece.

F. And is that of an ox so?

C. No, it is divided.

F. A horse, then, is not only hoofed, but *whole-hoofed.* Now how many quadrupeds do you think there are in the world that are whole-hoofed?

C. Indeed I do not know.

F. There are, among all animals that we are acquainted with, either in this country or in any other, only the horse, the ass, and the zebra, which is a spe-

cies of wild aſs. Now, therefore, you ſee we have nearly accompliſhed our purpoſe; we have only to diſtinguiſh him from the aſs.

C. That is eaſily done, I believe; I ſhould be ſorry if any body could miſtake my little horſe for an aſs.

F. It is not ſo eaſy, however, as you imagine; the eye readily diſtinguiſhes them by the air and general appearance, but naturaliſts have been rather puzzled to fix upon any ſpecific difference, which may ſerve the purpoſe of a definition. Some have, therefore, fixed upon the ears, others on the mane and tail. What kind of ears has an aſs?

C. O, very long clumſy ears. Aſſes' ears are always laughed at.

F. And the horſe?

C. The horſe has ſmall ears, nicely turned, and upright.

F. And the mane, is there no difference there?

C. The horſe has a fine long flowing mane; the aſs has hardly any.

F. And the tail; is it not fuller of hair in the horſe than in the aſs?

C. Yes; the aſs has only a few long hairs at the end of his tail; but the horſe has a long buſhy tail, when it is not cut.

F. Which, by the way, it is pity it ever ſhould. Now, then, obſerve what particulars we have got. *A horſe is an animal of the quadruped kind, whole-hoofed, with ſhort erect ears, a flowing mane, and a tail covered in every part with long hairs.* Now is there any other animal, think you, in the world, that anſwers theſe particulars?

C. I do not know; this does not tell us a great deal about him.

F. And yet it tells us enough to diſtinguiſh him from all the different tribes of the creation which we are acquainted with in any part of the earth.

Do you know now what we have been making?

C. What?

F. A DEFINITION. It is the buſineſs of a definition to diſtinguiſh preciſely the thing defined from every other thing, and to do it in as few terms as poſſible. Its object is to ſeparate the ſubject of definition, firſt, from thoſe with which it has only a general reſemblance; then, from thoſe which agree with it in a greater variety of particulars; and ſo on, till by conſtantly throwing out all which have not the qualities we have taken notice of, we come at length to the individual or the ſpecies we wiſh to aſcertain. It is a kind of chaſe, and reſembles the manner of hunting in ſome countries, where they firſt encloſe a very large circle with their dogs, nets, and horſes; and then, by degrees, draw their toils cloſer and cloſer, driving their game before them till it is at length brought into ſo narrow a com-

pass, that the sportsmen have nothing to do but to knock down their prey.

C. Just as we have been hunting this horse, till at last we held him fast by his ears and his tail.

F. I should observe to you, that in the definition naturalists give of a horse, it is generally mentioned that he has six cutting teeth in each jaw; because this circumstance of the teeth has been found a very convenient one for characterising large classes: but as it is not absolutely necessary here, I have omitted it; a definition being the more perfect the fewer particulars you make use of, provided you can say with certainty from those particulars, The object so characterised must be this, and no other whatever.

C. But, papa, if I had never seen a horse, I should not know what kind of animal it was by this definition.

F. Let us hear, then, how you would give me an idea of a horse.

C. I would ſay it was a fine large prancing creature, with ſlender legs and an arched neck, and a ſleek, ſmooth ſkin, and a tail that ſweeps the ground, and that he ſnorts and neighs very loud, and toſſes his head, and runs as ſwift as the wind.

F. I think you learned ſome verſes upon the horſe in your laſt leſſon: repeat them.

C. The wanton courſer thus with rein's unbound
Breaks from his ſtall, and beats the trembling ground;
Pamper'd and proud, he ſeeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his ſhining ſides;
His head, now freed, he toſſes to the ſkies;
His mane diſhevel'd o'er his ſhoulders flies;
He ſnuffs the females in the diſtant plain,
And ſprings, exulting, to his fields again.

POPE'S *Homer.*

F. You have ſaid very well; but this is not a *definition*, it is a *deſcription*.

C. What is the difference?

F. A deſcription is intended to give you a lively picture of an object, as if you ſaw it; it ought to be very full. A

definition gives no picture to thoſe who have not ſeen it; it rather tells you what its ſubject is not, than what it is, by giving you ſuch clear, ſpecific marks, that it ſhall not be poſſible to confound it with any thing elſe; and hence it is of the greateſt uſe in throwing things into claſſes. We have a great many beautiful deſcriptions from ancient authors ſo looſely worded that we cannot certainly tell what animals are meant by them, whereas if they had given us definitions, three lines would have aſcertained their meaning.

C. I like a deſcription beſt, papa.

F. Perhaps ſo; I believe I ſhould have done the ſame at your age. Remember, however, that nothing is more uſeful than to learn to form ideas with preciſion, and to expreſs them with accuracy: I have not given you a definition to teach you what a horſe is, but to teach you to *think*.

THE PHENIX AND DOVE.

A Phenix, who had long inhabited the ſolitary deſerts of Arabia, once flew ſo near the habitations of men as to meet with a tame Dove, who was ſitting on her neſt, with wings expanded, and fondly brooding over her young ones, while ſhe expected her mate, who was foraging abroad to procure them food. The Phenix, with a kind of inſulting compaſſion, ſaid to her, "Poor bird, how much I pity thee! confined to a ſingle ſpot, and ſunk in domeſtic cares, thou art continually employed either in laying eggs or in providing for thy brood; and thou exhauſteſt thy life and ſtrength in perpetuating a feeble and defenceleſs race. As to myſelf, I live exempt from toil, care and misfortune. I feed upon nothing leſs precious than rich gums and ſpices; I fly through the trackleſs regions of the air,

and when I am ſeen by men, am gazed at with curioſity and aſtoniſhment; I have no one to controul my range, no one to provide for; and when I have fulfilled my five centuries of life, and ſeen the revolutions of ages, I rather vaniſh than die, and a ſucceſſor, without my care, ſprings up from my aſhes. I am an image of the great ſun whom I adore; and glory in being, like him, ſingle and alone, and having no likeneſs."

The Dove replied, "O Phenix, I pity thee much more than thou affecteſt to pity me! What pleaſure canſt thou enjoy, who liveſt forlorn and ſolitary in a trackleſs and unpeopled deſert; who haſt no mate to careſs thee, no young ones to excite thy tenderneſs, and reward thy cares, no kindred, no ſociety amongſt thy fellows. Not long life only, but immortality itſelf would be a curſe, if it were to be beſtowed on ſuch uncomfortable terms. For my part, I know

that my life will be ſhort, and therefore I employ it in raiſing a numerous poſterity, and in opening my heart to all the ſweets of domeſtic happineſs. I am beloved by my partner; I am dear to man; and ſhall leave marks behind me that I have lived. As to the ſun, to whom thou haſt preſumed to compare thyſelf, that glorious being is ſo totally different from, and ſo infinitely ſuperior to, all the creatures upon earth, that it does not become us to liken ourſelves to him, or to determine upon the manner of his exiſtence. One obvious difference, however, thou mayeſt remark; that the ſun, though alone, by his prolific heat, produces all things, and though he ſhines ſo high above our heads, gives us reaſon every moment to bleſs his beams; whereas thou, ſwelling with thy imaginary greatneſs, dreameſt away a long period of exiſtence, equally void of comfort and uſefulneſs."

THE MANUFACTURE OF PAPER.

F. I WILL now, as I promiſed, give you an account of the elegant and uſeful manufacture of *Paper*, the baſis of which is itſelf a manufacture. This delicate and beautiful ſubſtance is made from the meaneſt and moſt diſguſting materials, from old rags, which have paſſed from one poor perſon to another, and at length have perhaps dropped in tatters from the child of the beggar. Theſe are carefully picked up from dunghills, or bought from ſervants by Jews, who make it their buſineſs to go about and collect them. They ſell them to the rag-merchant, who gives from two pence to four pence a pound, according to their quality; and he, when he has got a ſufficient quantity, diſpoſes of them to the owner of the paper mill. He gives them firſt to

women to ſort and pick, agreeably to their different degrees of fineneſs; they alſo with a knife cut out carefully all the ſeams, which they throw into a baſket for other purpoſes: they then put them into the duſting engine, a large circular wire ſieve, from whence they receive ſome degree of cleanſing. The rags are then conveyed to the mill. Here they were formerly beat to pieces with vaſt hammers, which roſe and fell continually with a moſt tremendous noiſe that was heard from a great diſtance. But now they put the rags into a large trough or ciſtern, into which a pipe of clear ſpring water is conſtantly flowing. In this ciſtern is placed a cylinder, about two feet long, ſet thick round with rows of iron ſpikes, ſtanding as near as they can to one another without touching. At the bottom of the trough there are correſponding rows of ſpikes. The cylinder is made to whirl round with inconceivable rapidity, and

with theſe iron teeth rends and tears the cloth in every poſſible direction; till, by the aſſiſtance of the water, which continually flows through the ciſtern, it is thoroughly maſticated, and reduced to a fine pulp; and by the ſame proceſs all its impurities are cleanſed away, and it is reſtored to its original whiteneſs. This proceſs takes about ſix hours. To improve the colour they then put in a little ſmalt, which gives it a bluiſh caſt, which all Paper has more or leſs: the French Paper has leſs of it than ours. This fine pulp is next put into a copper of warm water. It is the ſubſtance of paper, but the form muſt now be given it; for this purpoſe they uſe a mould. It is made of wire, ſtrong one way, and croſſed with finer. This mould they juſt dip horizontally into the copper, and take it out again. It has a little wooden frame on the edge, by means of which it retains as much of the pulp as is wanted for the thickneſs of the

ſheet, and the ſuperfluity runs off through the interſtices of the wires. Another man inſtantly receives it, opens the frame, and turns out the thin ſheet, which has now ſhape, but not conſiſtence, upon ſoft felt, which is placed on the ground to receive it. On that is placed another piece of felt, and then another ſheet of Paper, and ſo on till they have made a pile of forty or fifty. They are then preſſed with a large ſcrew-preſs, moved by a long lever, which forcibly ſqueezes the water out of them, and gives them immediate conſiſtence. There is ſtill, however, a great deal to be done. The felts are taken off and thrown on one ſide, and the Paper on the other, from whence it is dexterouſly taken up with an inſtrument in the form of a T, three ſheets at a time, and hung on lines to dry. There it hangs for a week or ten days, which likewiſe further whitens it; and any knots and roughneſſes it may have are picked off

carefully by the women. It is then ſized. Size is a kind of glue; and without this preparation the Paper would not bear ink; it would run and blot as you ſee it does on grey Paper. The ſheets are juſt dipped into the ſize, and taken out again. The exact degree of ſizing is a matter of nicety, which can only be known by experience. They are then hung up again to dry, and when dry taken to the finiſhing-room, where they are examined anew, preſſed in the dry preſſes, which gives them their laſt gloſs and ſmoothneſs; counted up into quires, made up in reams, and ſent to the ſtationer's, from whom we have it, after he has folded it again and cut the edges; ſome too he makes to ſhine like ſatin, by gloſſing it with hot plates. The whole proceſs of Paper-making takes about three weeks.

H. It is a very curious proceſs indeed. I ſhall almoſt ſcruple for the future to blacken a ſheet of Paper with a careleſs

ſcrawl, now I know how much pains it coſts to make it ſo white and beautiful.

F. It is true that there is hardly any thing we uſe with ſo much waſte and profuſion as this manufacture; we ſhould think ourſelves confined in the uſe of it, if we might not tear, diſperſe and deſtroy it in a thouſand ways; ſo that it is really aſtoniſhing from whence linen enough can be procured to anſwer ſo vaſt a demand. As to the coarſe brown papers, of which an aſtoniſhing quantity is uſed by every ſhopkeeper in packages, &c. theſe are made chiefly of oakum, that is, old hempen ropes. A fine paper is made in China of ſilk.

H. I have heard lately of woven paper; pray what is that? they cannot weave paper, ſurely!

F. Your queſtion is very natural. In order to anſwer it, I muſt deſire you to take a ſheet of common paper, and

hold it up againſt the light. Do not you ſee marks in it?

H. I ſee a great many white lines running along lengthways, like ribs, and ſmaller that croſs them. I ſee, too, letters, and the figure of a crown.

F. Theſe are all the marks of the wires; the thickneſs of the wire prevents ſo much of the pulp lying upon the ſheet in thoſe places, conſequently wherever the wires are, the paper is thinner, and you ſee the light through more readily, which gives that appearance of white lines. The letters too are worked in the wire, and are the maker's name. Now to prevent theſe lines, which take off from the beauty of the paper, particularly of drawing paper, there have been lately uſed moulds of braſs wire exceeding fine, of equal thickneſs, and woven or latticed one within another; the marks, therefore, of theſe are eaſily preſſed out, ſo as to be hardly viſible; if you look at

this ſheet you will ſee it is quite ſmooth.

H. It is ſo.

F. I ſhould mention to you, that there is a diſcovery very lately made, by which they can make paper equal to any in whiteneſs, of the coarſeſt brown rags, and even of dyed cottons; which they have till now been obliged to throw by for inferior purpoſes. This is by means of manganeſe, a ſort of mineral, and oil of vitriol; a mixture of which they juſt paſs through the pulp, while it is in water, for otherwiſe it would burn it, and in an inſtant it diſcharges the colours of the dyed cloths, and bleaches the brown to a beautiful whiteneſs.

H. That is like what you told me before of bleaching cloth in a few hours.

F. It is indeed founded upon the ſame diſcovery. The paper made of theſe brown rags is likewiſe more va-

luable, from being very tough and ſtrong, almoſt like parchment.

H. When was the making of Paper found out?

F. It is a diſputed point, but probably in the fourteenth century. The invention has been of almoſt equal conſequence to literature, as that of printing itſelf; and ſhews how the arts and ſciences, like children of the ſame family, mutually aſſiſt and bring forward each other.

THE TWO ROBBERS.

Scene—*Alexander the Great in his tent. Guards. A Man with a fierce countenance, chained and fettered, brought before him.*

Alex. WHAT, art thou the Thracian Robber, of whoſe exploits I have heard ſo much?

Rob. I am a Thracian and a ſoldier.

A. A ſoldier!—a thief, a plunderer, an aſſaſſin! the peſt of the country! I could honour thy courage, but

I muſt deteſt and puniſh thy crimes.

R. What have I done of which *you* can complain?

A. Haſt thou not ſet at defiance my authority, violated the public peace, and paſſed thy life in injuring the perſons and properties of thy fellow ſubjects?

R. Alexander! I am your captive—I muſt hear what you pleaſe to ſay, and endure what you pleaſe to inflict. But my ſoul is unconquered; and if I reply at all to your reproaches, I will reply like a free man.

A. Speak freely. Far be it from me to take the advantage of my power to ſilence thoſe with whom I deign to converſe!

R. I muſt then anſwer your queſtion by another. How have *you* paſſed your life?

A. Like a hero. Aſk Fame, and ſhe will tell you. Among the brave, I have been the braveſt: among ſove-

reigns, the nobleſt: among conquerors, the mightieſt.

R. And does not Fame ſpeak of me, too? Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band? Was there ever—But I ſcorn to boaſt. You yourſelf know that I have not been eaſily ſubdued.

A. Still, what are you but a *robber*—a baſe, diſhoneſt *robber*?

R. And what is a *conqueror*? Have not you, too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blaſting the fair fruits of peace and induſtry;—plundering, ravaging, killing, without law, without juſtice, merely to gratify an inſatiable luſt for dominion? All that I have done to a ſingle diſtrict with an hundred followers, you have done to whole nations with an hundred thouſand. If I have ſtripped individuals, you have ruined kings and princes. If I have burned a few hamlets, you have deſolated the moſt flouriſhing kingdoms and cities of

the earth. What is then the difference, but that as you were born a king, and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier *robber* than I?

A. But if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded greater. I have cherished arts, commerce and philosophy.

R. I, too, have freely given to the poor what I took from the rich. I have established order and discipline among the most ferocious of mankind, and have stretched out my protecting arm over the oppressed. I know, indeed, little of the philosophy you talk of; but I believe neither you nor I shall ever repay to the world the mischiefs we have done it.

A. Leave me—Take off his chains,

and uſe him well. *(Exit Robber.)*—Are we then ſo much alike?—Alexander to a robber?—Let me reflect.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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Aikin, John,

Evenings at home, or the juvenile budget opened consisting of a variety of miscellaneous pieces, for the instruction and amusement of young persons

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